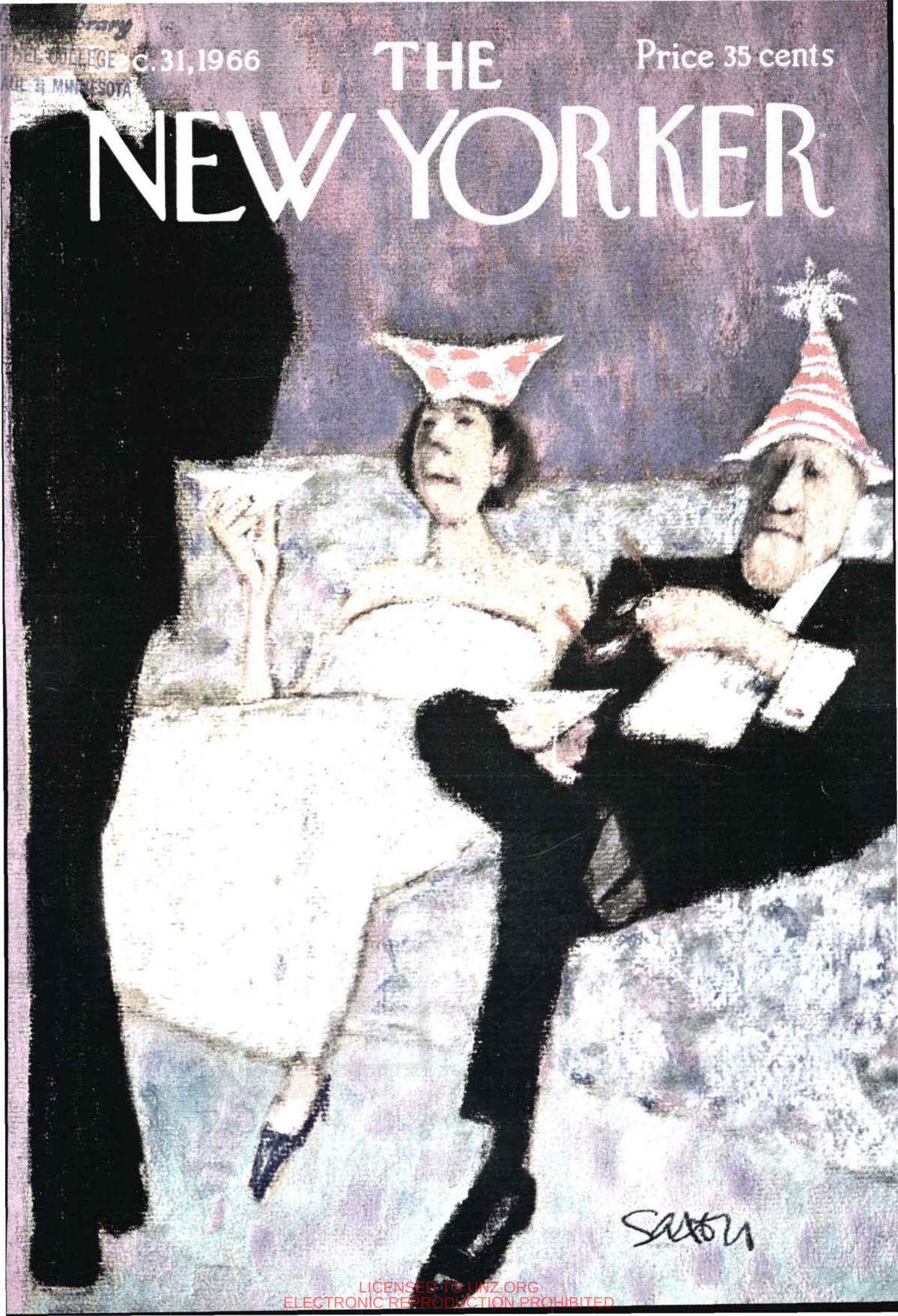




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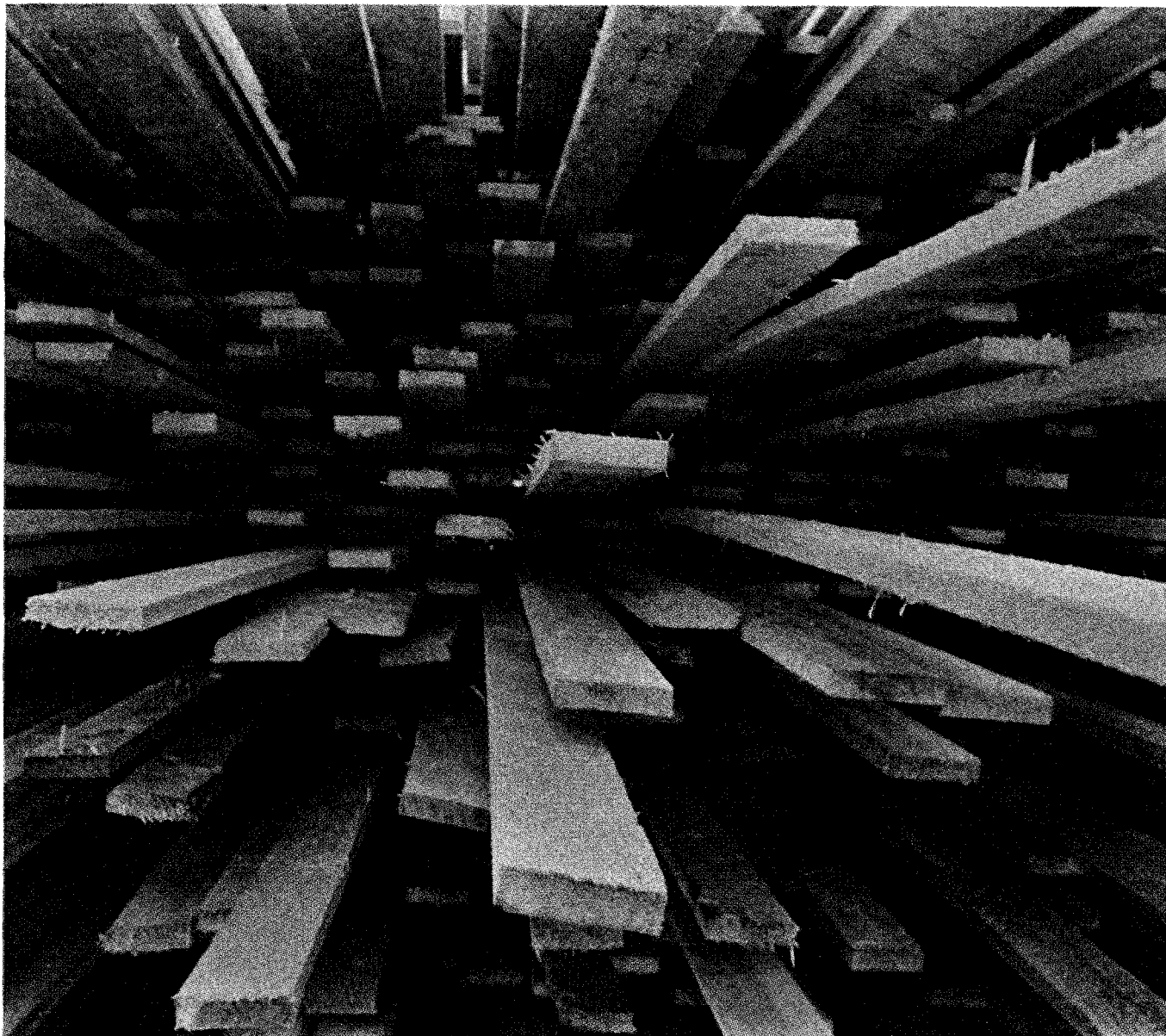
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the New Year's Day holiday. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. ... E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA-PHOENIX—Richard Baldrige's **WE, COMRADES** THREE, arranged from the works of Walt Whitman. Thursday, Dec. 29, and Friday, Jan. 6, both at 8:30; and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 2:30 and 8:30. ... **Pirandello's RIGHT YOU ARE**: Friday, Dec. 30, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 2-3, and Thursday, Jan. 5, all at 8:30. ... **Sheridan's THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL**: Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 2 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

A DELICATE BALANCE—An uneven effort by Edward Albee in which the playwright, often in inflated dialogue, projects the dilemma of a wealthy suburban family whose house is suddenly made a home away from home by a neighboring couple beset by a nameless fear. After the boarders arrive, the question is whether, in charity, to let them stay, or, hardheadedly, to give them the gate. Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, and Rosemary Murphy head the cast. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Jan. 2, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Monday, Jan. 2, at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 14.)

DINNER AT EIGHT—An opulent revival of the Kaufman-Ferber show about life in the early days of the Great Depression. The play has grown a bit arthritic with the passage of time. There is a cast of twenty-four, in which Walter Pidgeon, June Havoc, Jeffrey Lynn, Darren McGavin, Phil Leeds, and Blanche Yurka are prominent. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Jan. 2, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Monday, Jan. 2, at 2:30.)

DON'T DRINK THE WATER—Fun and games in an American embassy behind the Iron Curtain, unexpectedly invaded by a Jewish family from Newark. A fairly droll business, put together by Woody Allen and featuring, most pleasantly, Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, Kay Medford, and Dick Libertini. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Jan. 2, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Monday, Jan. 2, at 2:30.)

THE INVESTIGATION—Peter Weiss's distillation of the court records of a recent trial in Frankfurt of several of the overseers of the Auschwitz concentration camp. A documentary that is long and sometimes repetitious but worth one's attention. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly at 8:30. Matinee Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 31.)

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE—Hard lines on a hardboiled Lesbian who plays a kindly district nurse on a B.B.C. soap opera that is being revamped to eliminate the character. Not particularly amusing, but Beryl Reid is convincing as the tough customer. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Monday, Jan. 2, at 3.)

MARAT/SADE—The National Players Company in a five-week engagement of Peter Weiss's play, directed by Donald Driver. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 31. Opens officially on Tuesday, Jan. 3. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Jan. 2, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinees Thursday, Dec. 29, at 2 and Monday, Jan. 2, at 3.)

MY SWEET CHARLIE—A drama by David Westheimer that describes how a Negro lawyer and an illiterate poor white girl enter into



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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a Platonic friendship after taking refuge in a cottage on the Gulf of Mexico. Mr. Westheimer's treatment of his theme is sentimental, as is Howard Da Silva's direction of the play. Louis Gossett and Bonnie Bedelia portray the couple. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE ROSE TATTOO—Maureen Stapleton and Harry Guardino in a revival of the Tennessee Williams play. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly at 8:30. Matinee Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 31.)

THE STAR-SPANGLED GIRL—Neil Simon is not at the top of his game in this account of a triangle made up of a young publisher, a writer, and a girl from Arkansas, who live in an apartment house in San Francisco. The writer loves the girl, the girl has a yen for the publisher, and the publisher just wants to get out his magazine. This is a hard plot to thicken. Anthony Perkins, Richard Benjamin, and Connie Stevens make up the cast, and they are quite ebullient. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—BAREFOOT IN THE PARK: Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) ... **CACTUS FLOWER**: A divertissement by Abe Burrows, in which such people as Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, and Burt Brinckerhoff disport themselves.

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(Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS**: Sam Levene in a comedy about a psychiatrist and some adolescents. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. 245-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.) ... **LUV**: Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Jan. 2, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Monday, Jan. 2, at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 7.) ... **THE ODD COUPLE**: Another Neil Simon comedy, concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment. Mike Kellin and Eddie Bracken lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Jan. 2, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Monday, Jan. 2, at 2:30.) ... **WAIT UNTIL DARK**: Lee Remick as a blind girl trying to outwit a trio of scoundrels who want to lay hands on a doll that, as it happens, is stuffed with heroin. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly at 8:30. Matinee Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 31.)

MUSICALS

THE APPLE TREE—A musical, composed of three playlets, that is always bouncy and frequently funny. Directed by Mike Nichols, with book, music, and lyrics by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, the episodes are based on short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer, the most effective being a reworking of Twain's "The Diary of Adam and Eve." Barbara Harris is wonderfully versatile in all three, and Alan Alda and Larry Blyden give her fine support. Phyllis Newman substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinee performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

CABARET—A large, lush musical version of John van Druten's "I Am a Camera," showing us how things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Not the most amusing theme for a musical, but one in which Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey do what they can to make matters entertaining. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6609. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Do! I Do!—Mary Martin and Robert Preston are the entire cast of this adaptation by Tom Jones of Jan de Hartog's "The Fourposter," and they do well by the enterprise, which is a highly sentimental account of a half century of marriage. Harvey Schmidt and Mr. Jones wrote the music and lyrics for this one, Oliver Smith provided the lively settings, and Gower Champion gave it ingenious direction. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30.)

MAME—Angela Lansbury and a good cast make this musical (book by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, and music and lyrics by Jerry Herman) an amiable affair. It is an adaptation of the Patrick Dennis novel, and if it isn't long on originality, it does have a professional gloss and some highly comical moments. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WALKING HAPPY—A labored effort to make something melodious of an old-hat item called "Hobson's Choice," which has to do with a band of English characters resident in the by-gum Midlands. The play, which has non-memorable music and lyrics by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn, is fortunate in having performers like Norman Wisdom, George Rose, and Louise Troy to help it along. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president, Milton Greenstein, Robert S. Ogden, Marvin Rosenthal, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Rose 3rd, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLII, No. 45, December 31, 1966. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1966 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, \$8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, \$9.00; other foreign, \$11.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Fanny Brice as portrayed by Mimi Hines. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Daniel Defoe's mother. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Jan. 2, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Monday, Jan. 2, at 2:30.)... **SWEET CHARITY:** A musical about a wistful dance-hall hostess (Gwen Verdon) who wants to be honestly loved. Helen Gallagher will replace Miss Verdon for ten days starting Monday, Jan. 2. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **WAIT A MINIM!** A musical entertainment from South Africa enlivened by an octet of young performers. The music and the dances are mainly South African, and the instruments employed are for the most part modelled on homeland originals. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Jan. 2, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Monday, Jan. 2, at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

AT THE DROP OF ANOTHER HAT—A limited engagement of a new edition of the London revue created and performed by Michael Flanders and Donald Swann. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5960. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinees Saturdays at 3.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

THE HOMECOMING—Harold Pinter's latest play, presented by the Royal Shakespeare Company, from Stratford on Avon. Peter Hall is the director. Previews Monday through Wednesday evenings, Jan. 2-4. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 5. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

CITY CENTER—CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY: Final performances of a three-week holiday revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's **CAROUSEL**, with Bruce Yarnell, Constance Towers, Nancy Dussault, Patricia Neway, Jack De Lon, and Michael Kermoyan. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8980. Thursday, Dec. 29, and Sunday, Jan. 1, at 2:30, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 30-31, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—Gloria Foster, Frank Langella, and Maria Tucci in Lorca's **YERMA** (translated by W. S. Merwin). The second in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

AMERICA HURRAH—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

AUTUMN'S HERE!—A musical adaptation, by Norman Dean, of Washington Irving's "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30. May close Saturday, Dec. 31.)

THE DISPLACED PERSON—A play by Cecil Dawkins, based on five stories by Flannery O'Connor. With Frances Sternhagen. Season subscribers (fifteen dollars) only. Opens Thursday, Dec. 29. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th

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St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 14.)

EH?—Monkeyshines, verbal and visual, in the boiler room of a British factory. This loony comedy was written by Henry Livings and directed by Alan Arkin; its cast includes Dustin Hoffman, Barbara Dana, Dana Elcar, and Elizabeth Wilson, among other splendid actors. Hooray for everybody! (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsy is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and New Year's Eve at 6 and 9. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

HAPPY ENDING AND DAY OF ABSENCE—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by James Earl Jones, makes the most of both of them. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:40; Friday, Dec. 30, at 7 and 10; and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 6 and 9.)

HOGAN'S GOAT—A good play by William Alfred, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 3.)

THE MAD SHOW—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 3.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Joan Diener, Ray Middleton, and Irving Jacobson support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. John Cullum substitutes for Mr. Kiley at the Wednesday and Saturday matinee performances. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MAN WITH A LOAD OF MISCHIEF—A musical based on Ashley Dukes' 1924 London play of the same name. John Clifton wrote the music and Ben Tarver the book. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT OF THE DUNCE—Anne Revere in a play by Frank Gagliano. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38

Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10.)

THE OX CART—A play by a Puerto Rican author, René Marques, translated by Charles R. Pilditch and directed by Lloyd Richards. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE PENNY FRIEND—A musical version by William Roy of Barrie's "A Kiss for Cinderella," with Michael Wager. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE POCKET WATCH—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, Dec. 29, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinee Monday, Jan. 2, at 3.)

THREE HAND REEL—The Irish Players in three plays adapted by Paul Avila Mayer from stories of Frank O'Connor. With Helena Carroll and John Cullum. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

VIET ROCK—A play (with incidental music) by Megan Terry. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Friday, Dec. 30, at 7 and 10. May close Saturday, Dec. 31.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Final performances of **THE NUTCRACKER**, after which the company will go into repertory. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday, Dec. 29, at 2:15; Friday, Dec. 30, at 1:15 and 5:15; Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2:15 and 8:15; Monday, Jan. 2, at 1:15 and 5:15; Tuesday through Friday, Jan. 3-6, at 6:15; and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 2:15 and 8:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 5.)

BALLETS AFRICAINS—A troupe of dancers, singers, and musicians from the Republic of Guinea. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0198. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MANHATTAN FESTIVAL BALLET—"Allegro," "Largo," "Pas de Quatre," "The Wind's Bride," and "Schubertiaden." (Theatre 80 St. Marks Place, which is where it is. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—The final performances of a one-week engagement—Thursday, Dec. 29, and Saturday, Dec. 31, both at 8:30: "Orbs," "Junction," "3 Epitaphs," and "Duet"... ¶ Friday, Dec. 30, at 8:30: "Orbs" and "Aureole"... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2:30: "Orbs" and "Post Meridian." (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270.)

MISCELLANY

LET'S SING YIDDISH—A Yiddish musical adapted from Jewish folklore. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays, except Jan. 3, through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinee Monday, Jan. 2, at 2:30.)

SALZBURG MARIONETTE THEATRE—The last in a series of performances of Mozart's opera **THE MAGIC FLUTE**. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 7:30.)

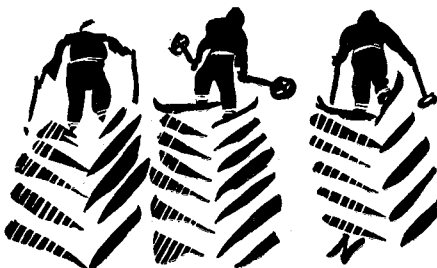
BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTE THEATRE—The final performances in a one-week engagement of the musical **DAVY JONES' LOCKER**, plus a number of puppet variety acts. (Bil Baird Theatre, 50 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, at 11:30 and 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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BARBERRY, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—Sonny Kendis, his piano, and his little band have returned to the world they know best—midtown, nighttown New York. They do a nine-until-two tour of duty (until three on Saturdays). Black tie New Year's Eve. No music Sundays.

DELMONICO's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Moderation in all things governs life on the parquet floor of the restaurant. The music comes from George Anaya's cluster of Latins, who are there from seven to one Mondays through Fridays and from eight to two Saturdays. No music Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The name's the same, the game's the same, but nowadays you can't tell all the players without a program. The stars and stripes (zebra, naturally) of yesteryear are still in evidence, though. Dum-de-dum music discourses without cease, and so does the new crowd. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Social gathering and not woolgathering is the basic tenet of the brisk Café Pierre, where Ben Cutler's Yale boys are on the bandstand seven nights a week. Lest Homer and the other old-school metropolitans nod between sets, an Iberian guitar waxes and waxes, never wanes.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Tony Sandler, who appears in the Persian Room at dinner and supper, is the very model of a modern young European tenor, so to an extent his colloquies with this or that native colleague can be overlooked, even though they must be overheard. The orchestra of Burt Farber and the tiny band of Mark Monte sound off again and again during the night. New Year's Eve, Mr. Sandler's sole event commences at quarter to one. Closed Sundays. ... ♪ Fiddle and piano (these are the weaponry of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine (except on Sundays) in the Edwardian Room, which, on New Year's Eve, will add dance music at ten. ... ♪ At eight, the Palm Court becomes a vision even more beautiful than Xanadu, with nymphs bearing the triumphs of the pastry chef, coffee brewer, and vintner. Gunnar Hansen's violin, which weaves a fitting obbligato for all this, begins simultaneously most nights, but at ten on New Year's Eve. No music Sunday nights.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—As pearly a gate to Heaven, and one already halfway there, as can be found. Jonah Jones, whose delight it is to shoot down his trumpet in flames, takes himself and his quartet on the road after New Year's Eve, but Vaughn Monroe, no longer only a memory, and his band will be staying on. Seven until one-forty-five is the curriculum. Closed Sundays.

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The cutting of rugs, that ancient and honorable American handicraft (or maybe footcraft), is the purpose of Count Basie's brimming band, which animates this old side-wheeler from eight until two every night but Sunday.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Chad Mitchell, whose dinner and supper songs of the people and for the people are done, wisely and wittily, as characterizations rather than as mere cantatas, winds up his affairs on New Year's Eve, and the Maïsonette, his scene of action, follows suit. On Tuesday, Jan. 3, it will reopen to accommodate Hildegard, a female philosopher rather more knowing than Dr. Joyce Brothers. George Cort's brush-fire band and Quintero's Latin one, which operate from seven-thirty until two, will return the same evening. ... ♪ In La Boite, two early settlers—Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi at the violin—are at play from six to two. Closed Sundays and Monday, Jan. 2.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Guy Lombardo's orchestra, which likes the songs of its childhood best, completes its stay in the Empire Room on Friday, Dec.

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30, and devotes New Year's Eve to the Grand Ballroom. The Empire Room will resume its career early in January. ... ♪ The sagest Peacock Alley cat is Ray Hartley, whose complexly constructed piano is chamber-music and yet romantic. His schedule is Monday through Friday, from cocktails through late dinner.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Perfectly designed for the space race; i.e., room for any ballroom maneuvering at all except Twisting-and-turning, which is ruled off this course. Two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Monday, Jan. 2, they begin at two-thirty; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. For insatiables, there is a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. The menu is slight indeed.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Sam Hamilton, whose piano has improved the shining hours of night these many years, has rejoined the Messrs. Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins, the keepers of the keys during his absence. All three take a hand (two hands, rather) in the proceedings of this old-friends-are-the-best auditorium. Closed Sundays. ... **LA GALERIE**, 708 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St. (752-0520): The swinging is not of the garden-gate kind. It centers on Ralph Strain, whose house-party pianoforte and songs begin at nine and end past any reasonable bedtime. His carols speak English; the interlude recordings speak French and Portuguese. Mr. Strain takes Sundays off. ... **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Captain Kidd might have put into this snug little port, so aged in the wood-work does it look. Who definitely *does* put in is a Jamaica minstrel who parades from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, from seven to eleven on Sundays, and from nine to one Mondays through Wednesdays. ... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The night shift for the junior grades of show business and the kindred arts. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of the good life is enhanced by Cecil Young's three-man exposition of new-school glee in music. Closed New Year's Day and Monday Jan. 2. ... **WAVELY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Hubble-bubble happens in the busy-bee corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where Laurie Brewis conducts, from his piano, a sort of sing-along that begins at nine-thirty every evening but Monday, and goes on and on into the night. ... **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): One of the few coigns in the Second Avenue Casbah that will bear inspection. From ten until three every night but Sunday, Charles De Forest plays piano and sings songs that possess the life and literacy that all late-at-night big-city music should

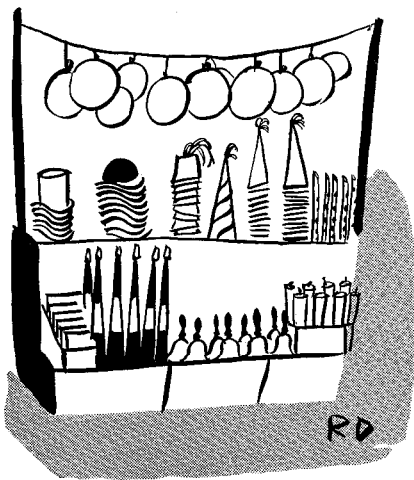
have, and Marian McPartland's trio does disciplined but cheerful jazz. The McPartlands call it a run after Monday, Jan. 2. ... **JANSEN's**, 430 Lexington Ave., at 44th St. (LE 2-5661): The happy bullfrog in this pond is Aldo Bruschi, singer, oboist, pianist, concertina player, and impresario of an opera company of two. Their unassuming but chortling pastime takes them from Wednesday through Saturday every week, from eight-thirty on, and there is dance music, too, on the same schedule. ... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Your waiter's not at all secret ambition is to be Faust or Rodolfo, and he doesn't care who hears it. Closed Mondays. ... **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The top of a piano is the usual setting for Rita Dimitri, a faultless specimen of the singing soubrette. Her carefreely worldly arias are distributed in a one-big-family manner Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays additionally at midnight. Leisurely dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays. ... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A Hungarian recipe that has stood many a test—a goulash of zimbalon, fiddle, piano, and soprano, all stirred vigorously together. Tibor Rakossy's tenor is the last word (in Hungarian, that is) on the topic of love; Béla Babai's band makes the dance music. Closed Mondays.

NOTE—The earth is scarcely big enough for both civilization and the discothèque, but before you vote upon which one of them must go, you might inspect the following establishments: **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Practically a closed circuit to anyone without a promissory note from the booking office. The eye of the booked beholder grows dizzy as it follows the free-form footwork of the often enchanted young champions. The blare is both mechanical and human (the Wild Ones), and rarely humane. Nine until four is the rule; a slight bill of fare is offered. Closed Mondays. ... **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 50th St. (EL 5-2500): Men must walk before they dance, but it's the other way around for the young people who live not once but twice and thrice here. The Theatre is often represented on the floor, and you know how that is. The music is sometimes a feat of engineering, sometimes the efforts of the Four Wheels and a Spare. The menu comes close to the vanishing point. Dead silence Sundays and Mondays. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. ... **YELLOWFINGERS**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): 'Mid pleasures and palaces, mostly Roman Mod—in both décor and dress. It must be looked for underneath the street-level café of the same name. The eclectic music is from the grooves of Academe. It is open every night, from nine-thirty to three-thirty. ... **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Certain formalities are to be gone through, such as dressing like little ladies and little gentlemen, but the music (nine until early morn) is as vibrant as any, though not at the top of any lungs. Supper, too. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship-shape of stateliness. Amidships in its glory sits the piano of Cy Walter, the measuring cup by which all drawing-room artists are assessed. His cup runneth (often over) during cocktails, dinner, and supper. A new hand, Allan Haig, does the honors every Sunday. ... **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle hath a pleasant seat; the airs (Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists) nimbly and sweetly recommend themselves unto our gentle senses. No music Sundays. ... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another kingly retreat, belonging to the same playful king. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. ... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A long-range, considered, but still extremely fond view of an eternal city from a terraced villa in Frascati. Musicians whose curriculum is seven-thirty until two take part. Closed Sundays. ... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The guitar of Rogelio Reguera covers in noble fashion the whole range of Iberian music, from the plains to the palaces, the mountains to the Moors. The din-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing room is one of our most splendid antique shops, and the music runs from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of the Regency Room, where there is piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Scene: a town house in its pristine incarnation. Enter a company of ladies and gentlemen on their way to dinner, to supper, to a round at the bar, where leisurely piano dwells. No music Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with a secret agent at UN 1-9494): A Byzantine bazaar, or bizarre, that happens to be a hideaway, up-one-flight restaurant. In one alcove, dinner is intermingled with modest piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): In the bar-restaurant, the hot buttered rum is the guitar of Enzo Lembo, who is on the prowl from nine-thirty until one every night but Monday and Wednesday. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): My Lord, My Lady. The undercurrent in this fashionable spa is the piano, done in pastels, of George Feyer, which carries on from eight-thirty until two. Closed Sundays and Monday, Jan. 2. . . . **MONSIEUR**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Rome that was built in a latter day, but a Rome that is by no means sans-serif. The noblest Roman is Herman Honigsberg, leader of a troupe of peripatetic violinists. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The piano of Conrad Monjoy wanders calmly o'er the well-cropped lea of the Westbury's restaurant. Nine to one is his range. No music Mondays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The herald angels who start singing as you reach your *fettuccine* are not from another world but from a mythical opera company whose mythical home is Firenze. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also measured dance music by the trio of Leonard Metcalf, who plays good, solid piano every night, too. On Tuesdays, around midnight, Philip Huston's one-man theatre deals with everything from Casey at the Bat to Gunga creating a din. Closed Mondays and New Year's Day.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The (presumably) natural phenomenon known to the trade as Sammy Davis is doing his super-vaudeville (or hairpin) turn for all he is worth. With him comes the Copa corps de ballet, a half-dozen young women who have never met before, and with them comes Bill Selby, who does the role of song-and-dance man very well indeed. Dancing for the patrons also. Mr. Davis checks out on Wednesday, Jan. 4. . . . In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "Ooh la la Parée" is the figment of a gloriously overheated imagination, brimming with young French ladies of fearsome energy, and some nifty and nubile American tourists. The best of an exemplary lot is Susan Clemm, clearly the pinup girl of the year. These lilies of the field toil but do not spin—to judge by what little they wear, anyway. Their chaperon is another Fields (Totie, that is), who cries havoc in amiable fashion. Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH**, 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): Merry charisma to you, or the youth of the land—those who can stand the pace. The music is conveyed by bands in a state of perpetual frenzy. Hot dogs and such are all that keep the little bodies and souls together. Eight until three is the general rule, but Sundays commence at three. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The show must go on—but of its own momentum, for no one tells the performers when to start or to stop. Still, with any luck, you will get to see the reactivated Charlie Barnet and his orchestra, the Four Tops (songs by the publishing house of Donner & Blitzen), and Cathy Carr (I'm glad-I'm-a-girl songs). They bow out after New Year's Eve.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 7-, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Full of grace as

Tuesday's child, and kept that way by Julius Monk, its founder, *conférencier*, and moderator. The curriculum affords Nick Ullett and Tony Hendra, envoys plenipotentiary from Cambridge University, who prove that politics makes nothing but strange bedfellows; Jeanne Arnold, a lark who is up at dawn and up to mischief; and the Swingin' Six, who do Jack-jump-over-the-candlestick tunes in their own special way. The pianos of Otis Clements and Robert Colston give all hands their due. Activities commence at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Six Spanish characters, all of them big, strong girls, in search of a hardwood floor upon which they can lay their unweary feet—this is Rosario Galán and her Ballet Español. Likewise present: Alberto Rochi, wearing the dinner jacket of the year, a *matinée-idol* profile, and a tenor that would melt carborundum. The cavalcade happens at dinner and supper. The orchestra (Emilio Reyes's) offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. Closed Sundays. . . .

After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Emilio Prados, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): That old French wit Déjà Vu wrote some of the sketches in "Mixed Doubles," but the others were composed by newer, more original authors. Judy Graubart's performance (still waters running deep) is the best; Robert Rovin and Larry Moss are her most successful aides. They appear in public at nine-thirty and midnight except on Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Philosophy 401, as taught by Milt Kamen, is for special students of the human condition, and it is larded with a humor that far transcends the customary professorial jokes. His seminar begins at perhaps ten, and the course is nightly except Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): A busman's holiday after the theatre for this or that Broadway player who feels he hasn't yet done a full night's work. Earlier, there is potluck entertainment by the staff of this quite casual bar.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Sunday, Jan. 1, is the last time for the quartet of Thelonious Monk, whose piano knows more than it is ever going to let on. Carol Sloane (songs that end with a bang, not a whimper) and Joe Henderson's foursome move out, too. The academy resumes on Thursday, Jan. 5, with Horace Silver's quintet (wind in the willows) and the threesome of Bill Evans, whose piano is both truth and poetry. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The faculty roster is sometimes subject to rapid change, but these assignments for the lower deck have an air of probability: Symphony Sid and his Latin-American bandmen every Monday; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6-7, Nina Simone, whose songs are Delphic-oracle, plus something called Montego Joe's sextet. . . .

On the upper deck, Randy Weston's trio and Jaki Byard do intense thinking about the art of self-expression. They should be there every night but Monday. Go late. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The playful communal work of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn uses a quintet as background; Jimmy Rushing, who will be in action Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 20-31, and Friday through Sunday, Jan. 6-8, uses only an articulate set of chest tones. Closed Mondays and New Year's Day. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The frame of reference into which Donald Byrd's trumpet is fitted is a quintet. Mondays, the foursome owned by David Amram and George Barrows stands in lieu. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's trio, whose dissertations are occasionally couched in the Romance languages, sets to at ten. Eddie Thompson, the intermission keyboard man, arrives a bit earlier. Mondays, everybody stays home. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W.



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54th St. (CO 5-9505): The Grand Army of the Original 52nd Street convenes here for vespers with the likes of Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, and Cliff Jackson, who dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Closed Sundays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Great guns! The names, left to right, are Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, Cliff Leeman, Bob Wilber, and Mr. Condon, or else (occasionally) exact duplicates of these traditionalists. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays and Monday, Jan. 2. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): If you do consider Village coffeehouses, which is not a recommended lifework, this is the one. Folk music is the principal consideration, and it is done handsomely by Leon Bibb. He departs on Monday, Jan. 2; at the moment, his heirs and assigns are unknown. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. Nine until two or three all week long is the program. On Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band gets in its licks (all of them hot) before the regulars report. . . . **RED CARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (982-4270): Museum pieces. The largest is the 1906 truck chassis in which the rataplan band plays, the next largest is Ruth Crews, the bombastic singer. Chaplin and Laurel & Hardy movies occur at times; beer, peanuts, and pretzels happen continually. Nine to very late, days without end. . . . **SLUGS**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): The address is in the center of one of the new youth-for-joy-and-health cantons, and the slacks tide is in full flow among the customers. Jackie McLean's quintet, which now and then flashes a new light on an old industry, is said to be hard at work now; on Tuesday, Jan. 3, Kenny Burrell's foursome should be taking over. Mondays are allotted to one-night standees.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6; they will all be closed Monday, Jan. 2. Some, as indicated, will be closed Saturday, Dec. 31, and some are likely to close early on that day.)

GALLERIES

BALTHUS AND ALBERTO GIACOMETTI—Drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St.)

ARRIT BLATAS—Seven rugged sculptures of artists, four panels, and a sum of recent paintings; through Friday, Dec. 30. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Somewhat disturbing constructions, the focal point of each being a small head of a man; through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

BILL BOLLINGER—Three long and slender channels of aluminum; through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Bianchini, 50 W. 57th St.)

ADRIENNE BORDES—Paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Capricorn, 11 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

MINNA CITRON—"Prints and Things," through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Jason, 23 W. 56th St.)

PIERRE COURTIN—Engravings and richly hued watercolors; through Jan. 28. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERT FINE—Collages and drawings; through Jan. 12. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 31.)

GEORGE GROSZ—Etchings, lithographs, and drawings (1911-22); through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Deutsch, 24 E. 81st St.)

ANN HELIOFF—Engaging abstract paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Capricorn, 11 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

MURRAY ISRAEL—Paintings based on a multiplicity of squares, one blindingly optical; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 31.)

MURIEL KALISH—Figurative paintings; through Jan. 14. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed through Monday, Jan. 2.)

ROBERT LADEN—Mostly rough wood constructions, mildly amusing; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Capricorn, 11 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRI LAURENS (1885-1954)—Bronzes of robust, curvilinear women, along with a good sampling of his drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARC MORREL—Constructions; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

GABRIELE MÜNTER (1877-1962)—Paintings on glass, woodcuts, etchings, lithographs, and collages; through Jan. 21. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT MURRAY—Five metal sculptures; through Friday, Dec. 30. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

COSTANTINO NIVOLA—The bulk of his showing here consists of bronze sculpture plaques; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 31.)

ATTILIO PIERELLI—Stainless steel sculptures; through Jan. 14. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 31.)

FRANK PIETRANTONIO—Sculpture-collages; through Jan. 14. (Pietrantonio, 26 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDUARDO RAMIREZ—Mainly white wood constructions; through Friday, Dec. 30. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ABRAHAM RATNER—A select group of color lithographs, executed in Paris this past summer; through Saturday, Dec. 31. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

LUCILLE SADWITH AND BERNARD SZNYCER—Glass sculptures by the first and miniature abstract bronzes by the second; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Sculpture House, 38 E. 30th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

KARL SCHRAG—Chiefly his eighteen etchings for a new portfolio called "By the Sea;" through Thursday, Jan. 5. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

IVAN SCHWEBEL AND DAVID BEN-SHAUL—"The Hills of Judea," fine, busy drawings by the former and more carefree pastels by the latter; through Friday, Jan. 6. (Gallery of Israeli Art, 4 E. 54th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8:30; Wednesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5.)

WALASSE TING—Paintings; through Jan. 21. (LeFebvre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

TREASURES OF EL DORADO—A bright array of Colombia's pre-Hispanic gold art—small figures and animals, pendants, nose ornaments, and other objects; through Jan. 31. (Colombian Center, 140 E. 57th St.)

DRAWINGS; GROUP SHOWS—At the LOEB STUDENT CENTER, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway: Pieces by contemporary American artists, among them Andy Warhol, Roy Lichtenstein, and Robert Rauschenberg; through Friday, Jan. 6. (Thursday, Dec. 29, from 8 to 5; Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 3-5, from 8 A.M. to 11:30 P.M.; and Friday, Jan. 6, from 8 A.M. to 1:30 A.M.). . . . **ODYSSIA**, 41 E. 57th St.: Examples by (for instance) Balthus, Giacometti, and Moore; through Friday, Dec. 30.

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the ACA, 63 E. 57th St.: A holiday show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by William Gropper, John Kearney, Moses Soyer, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 7. . . . **LEWISON**, 35 E. 64th St.: Albert Bierstadt, Leonard Ochtman, and Theodore Robinson are three of the artists represented in an exhibit of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings; through Jan. 14. (Closed Mondays.). . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Small works by such painters as Paul Cadmus, Isabel Bishop, and Robert Vickrey; through Saturday, Dec. 31. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, including Childe Hassam, John Twachtman,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Stephen Etnier; through Jan. 14. (Closed Mondays.)... **NORDNESS**, 134 E. 70th St.: David Aronson, Karl Zerbe, and Milton Hebal are three of the participants in a display of small sculptures, paintings, prints, and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Closed Mondays.)... **ROKO**, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by artists (Conrad Marca-Relli, Louise Nevelson, and Herbert Kallem, to mention a few) who are now or have been associated with the gallery in the past twenty years; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Closed Mondays.)... **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Drawings and watercolors by, among others, Marsden Hartley, August Mosca, and Jules Pascin; through Jan. 14... **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.: Mark Tobey, Morris Graves, and David Hayes are among the artists exhibiting prints, drawings, paintings, and sculptures in a show celebrating the gallery's thirtieth anniversary; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 31.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Camille Bombois, Lawrence Lebuska, Ivan Generalic, and so on, in a presentation of "International Naive Art;" through Jan. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 41 E. 57th St.: Steel, bronze, and white marble sculptures by (for example) Elisabeth Frink, Eduardo Chillida, and Joseph Kozal; through Jan. 14.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Drawings and watercolors by, among others, Chagall, Klee, and Mondrian; through Jan. 14. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"200 Years of Watercolor Painting in America," commemorating the centennial of the American Watercolor Society, presents enjoyable (on the whole) fare by A. J. Davis, Winslow Homer, Edward Hopper, and the like, with, secondarily, a selection by present members of the Society; through Jan. 29... ¶ A short course (three chapters) in Roman history as seen in recently acquired murals by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo. They are so big they overshadow the tidy scenes of Venice by Guardi and Canaletto and the commentaries on Venetian upper-class life by Longhi, which are part of the same exhibit. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Drawings by Dürer, Rembrandt, Ingres, Picasso, and others, ranging from the fifteenth century to the present, from the Paul J. Sachs collection; through Feb. 26... ¶ "Art in the Mirror," takeoffs by our contemporary artists on the works of their predecessors, an example of which is Rauschenberg's "Erased de Kooning Drawing;" through Feb. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Embryonic wheelbarrows, typewriters, scissors, and other day-to-day realities, seen in works (1962-66) by Jean Dubuffet; through Feb. 5... ¶ "Wassily Kandinsky: Painting on Glass," marking the hundredth anniversary of his birth, allies the artist's small glass paintings, principally on religious subjects, with anonymous Bavarian folk glass art. Watercolors, drawings, and prints by Kandinsky complete the exhibit. Through Feb. 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The invitational 1966 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture and Prints—enormous playground sculptures (by, notably, Louise Nevelson, Ronald Bladen, and Giora Novak) dwarfing not-so-small sculptures and prints by nearly two hundred other artists, including Alexander Calder, José de Rivera, and Mauricio Lasansky; through Jan. 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Monday, Jan. 2, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Fifteen *santos* paintings and sculptures, created by folk artists working in New Mexico in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, on loan for the Christmas season; through Jan. 15... ¶ "Ancient Art of Latin America," items from the Jay C. Leff collection. There are miniature figurines, large ceramic figures and vessels from Mexico, small stone sculptures and lapidary work from the Gulf Coast, and

wood sculptures from Peru. Through March 5. An admission charge of fifty cents goes to the Museum's special-exhibitions fund. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Jan. 2, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Etchings, watercolors, pastels, and oils by Childe Hassam; through Feb. 11. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 2 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—"Selections of Chinese Art from Private Collections in the Metropolitan Area," consisting of ceramics, sculptures, paintings, and jade objects from the Shang Dynasty to the eighteenth century; through Jan. 29. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings, prints, and constructions by the Argentine artist Antonio Berni; through Saturday, Dec. 31... ¶ Paintings and drawings by Salvador Dali; through Saturday, Dec. 31... ¶ Paintings, drawings, and sculptures from the collection of Dr. and Mrs. T. Edward Hanley; starting Tuesday, Jan. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of paintings and collages by Ad Reinhardt, containing brightly colored abstractions from the late thirties, monochrome paintings from the fifties and sixties, cartoons, and placards; through Jan. 15. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Dolls from the Samuel F. Pryor collection, mostly homemade of crabs' claws, hickory nuts, light bulbs, and whatnot, adjoining another loan exhibition of tin-wheeled toys; through Jan. 29. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"A Victorian Christmas": a staid living-room Christmas scene of the eighteenth-eighties, complete with Victorian furnishings, Christmas-tree ornaments, toys, and mannequins dressed in costumes of the period; through Monday, Jan. 2. (Mondays, 1 to 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—The Museum, now an almost oversized doll's house, holds (on loan) a disparate family of "People Figures," including Niki de Saint-Phalle's gargantuan nanas, William King's leggy tall men, and Carol Anthony's comic characters; through Jan. 8. (Weekdays, except Monday, Jan. 2, noon to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Etchings, lithographs, and engravings by Reginald Marsh that span city life from the burlesque houses to the Metropolitan Opera, along with a few by other print-makers of the time; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays and Monday, Jan. 2, from 1 to 10.)

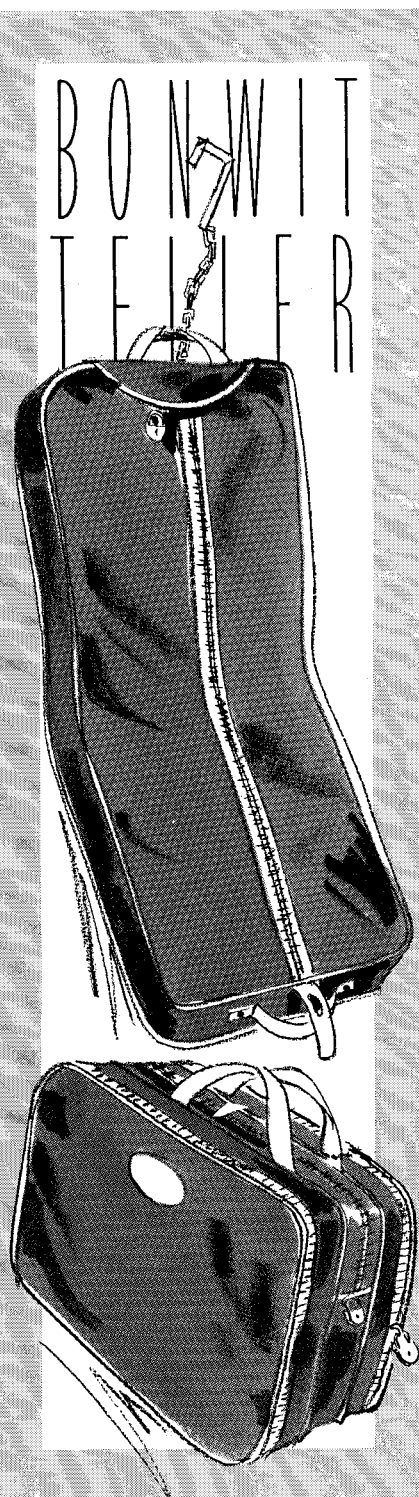
RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—"Pueblo Indian Art," watercolors depicting life in American Indian pueblos together with their crafts, such as kateinas, pottery, rugs, and baskets; through Feb. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5; Sundays, except New Year's Day, 2 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Dec. 29, at 8: "Lohengrin," with Ingrid Bjoner, Christa Ludwig, Sándor Kónya, Walter Cassel, and John Macurdy... ¶ Friday, Dec. 30, at 8: "Faust," with Gabriella Tucci, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, Justino Diaz, and William Walker... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, Richard Tucker, Anselmo Colzani, and Nicola Ghiuselev... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 31, at 8: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Mary Costa, Roberta Peters, Kitty Carlisle, Arturo Sergi, John Reardon, Donald Gramm, and Jack Gilford. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Monday, Jan. 2, at 8: "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Elena Cernei, Flaviano Labò, Frank Guarrera, Justino

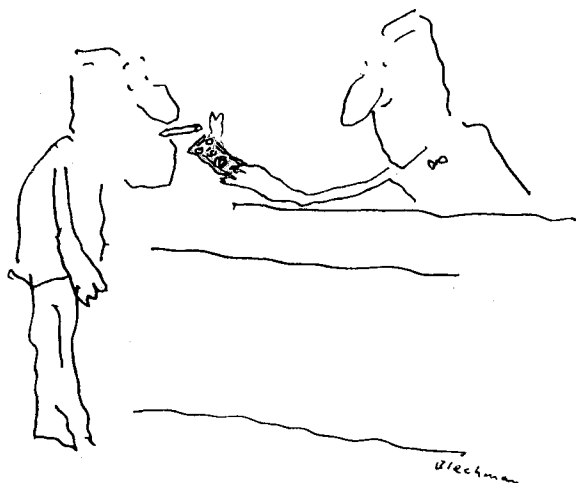


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Diaz, and Louis Sgarro... ♪ Tuesday, Jan. 3, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Jean Fenn, Mildred Miller, Sándor Kónya, Giorgio Tozzi, John Macurdy, and Karl Dönch... ♪ Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Joan Sutherland, Pilar Lorengar, Laurel Hurley, Cesare Siepi, Ezio Flagello, Alfredo Kraus, William Walker, and Justino Diaz... ♪ Thursday, Jan. 5, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna d'Angelo, Alfredo Kraus, Mario Sereni, and Bonaldo Giaiotti... ♪ Friday, Jan. 6, at 7:45: "Tristan und Isolde," with Ludmila Dvorakova, Irene Dalis, Edmond Hurshell, Jerome Hines, and Ron Bottcher... ♪ Saturday, Jan. 7, at 2: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Mary Costa, Roberta Peters, Kitty Carlisle, Arturo Sergi, John Reardon, Donald Gramm, and Jack Gilford... ♪ Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8: "Lohengrin," with Ingrid Bjoner, Christa Ludwig, Sándor Kónya, Walter Cassel, John Macurdy, and Sherrill Milnes.

METROPOLITAN OPERA NATIONAL COMPANY—Opening performances of a six-week season (four new productions) by the Met's touring company. The season will continue through Saturday, Feb. 11. Thursday, Jan. 5, at 8: "The Rape of Lucretia"... ♪ Friday, Jan. 6, at 7:30: "La Traviata"... ♪ Saturday, Jan. 7, at 7:30: "La Bohème." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Dec. 29, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 30, at 2:15; and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 8:30 (all with E. Power Biggs, organ, and the Camerata Singers); Monday, Jan. 2, at 7:30 (with Mr. Biggs); and a Beethoven-Schoenberg program on Thursday, Jan. 5, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 6, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 9, at 7:30 (all with Zvi Zeitlin, violin).

HOLIDAY CONCERT—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra in the last in a series of concerts, this one an all-Haydn program, with Robert Nagel, trumpet. (Carnegie Hall, Friday, Dec. 30, at 8:30.)

CLARION CONCERT—Newell Jenkins conducting a benefit performance, with Martina Arroyo, Joan Marie Moyna, Eleanor Steber, and Gabriella Tucci, sopranos; Blanche Thebom, mezzo-soprano; Giorgio Tozzi, bass-baritone; and Justino Diaz, bass. (Carnegie Hall, Friday, Jan. 6, at 8:30.)

I MUSICI—Italian chamber orchestra. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 6, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left)... ♪ Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:30, the first of two concerts.)

MOZART ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—The second of two concerts, this one a Haydn-Mozart program, with Paul Olefsky, cello; Julian Olevsky, violin; and Estela Kersenbaum Olevsky, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting performances of Handel's "L'Allegro ed Il Penseroso," with Nancy Killmer and Benita Valente, sopranos; Robert White, tenor; Thomas Palmer, baritone; and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 7-8, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

VIENNA CHOIR BOYS—Anton Neyder directing. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

EMIL GILELS—Piano, in a recital originally scheduled for Jan. 6. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Dec. 30, at 8:30.)

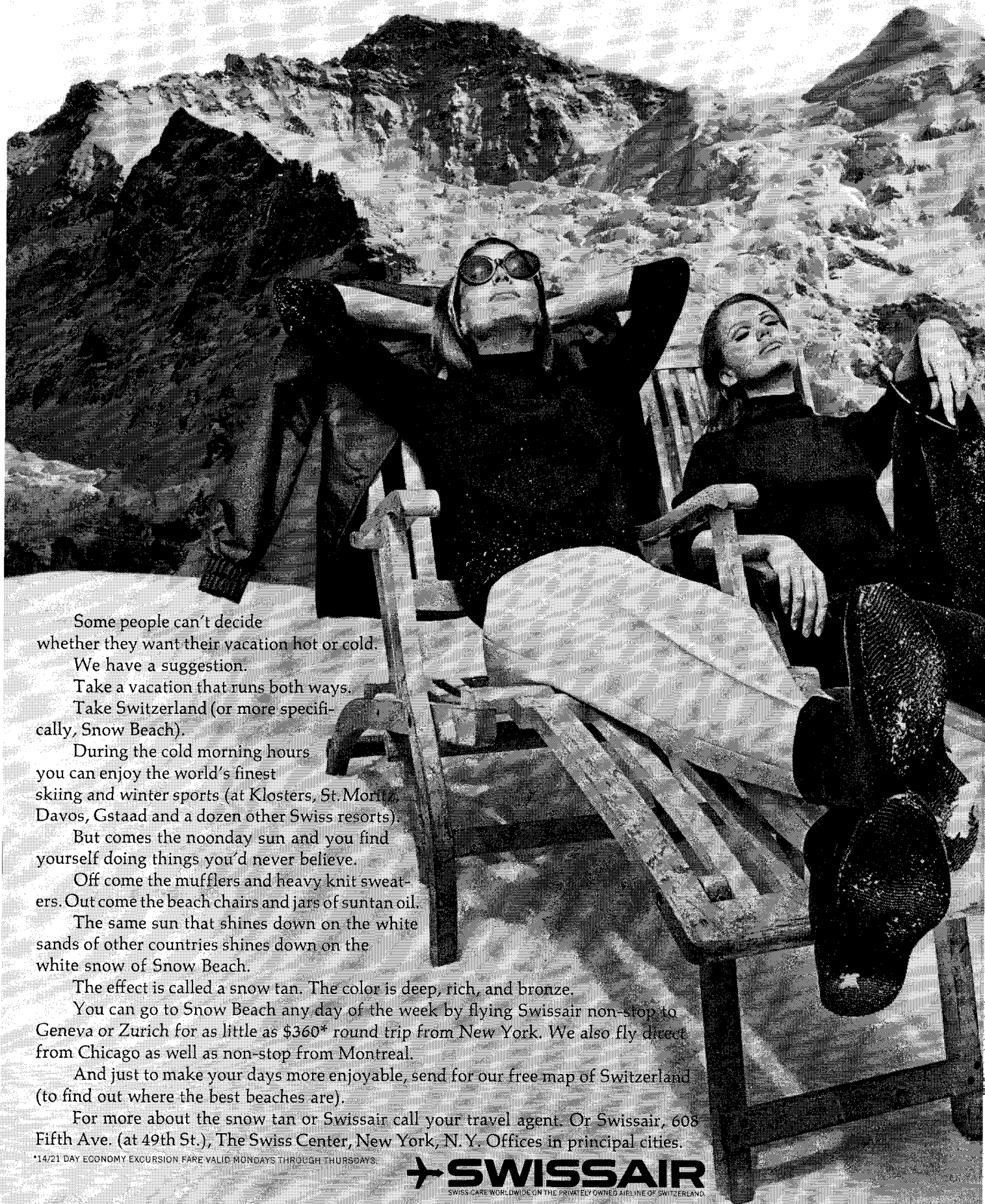
LARK QUINTET—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Monday, Jan. 2, at 8:30.)

RICHARD MILLER—Tenor. (Town Hall, JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 8:30.)

RUGGIERO RICCI—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall, Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 8:30.)

SAMUEL BARON—Flute, in a program of eight-

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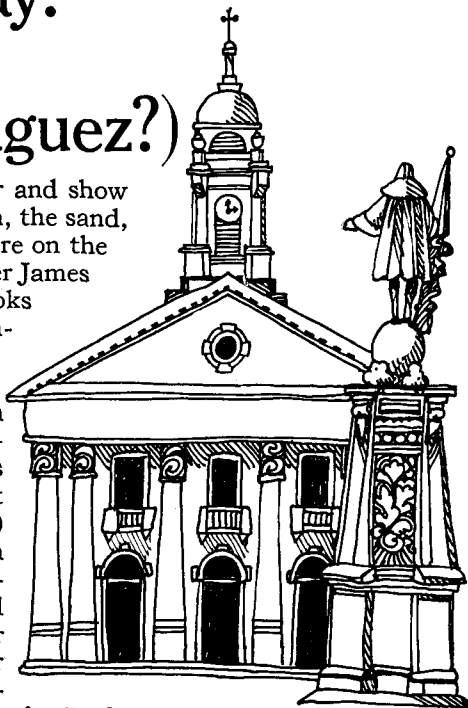
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

centh- and twentieth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 6, at 8:30.)

MIRIAM MAKEBA—African singer. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Jan. 6, at 8:30.)

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 31, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . Tuesday, Jan. 3, at 6:30: Detroit vs. Baltimore and Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Baltimore.

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Dec. 29, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . Sunday, Jan. 1, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto.

RACING—At LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Jan. 2. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1:05, from Tuesday, Jan. 3, through Saturday, March 4.

TROTting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8, from Tuesday, Jan. 3, through Friday, March 3.

FOR CHILDREN

OPERETTA—"Babes in Toyland." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at 2:30.)

MARIONETTES—SALZBURG MARIONETTE THEATRE: "Rumpelstiltskin," Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at 11:30 and 2. . . . "Snow White," Saturday, Dec. 31, at 11:30 and 2, and New Year's Day at 3. (Town Hall, JU 2-4536). . . . BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTE THEATRE: "Davy Jones' Locker," plus a number of puppet variety acts. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, at 11:30 and 3). . . . STOCKHOLM MARIONETTE THEATRE OF FANTASY: "The Wizard of Oz." (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, at 11:30 and 2.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "The Princess and the Frog." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, and Sunday and Monday, Jan. 1-2, all at 2 and 3:30, and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2). . . . "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, and Sunday and Monday, Jan. 1-2, all at 1 and 3, and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 1). . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood," Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 1. . . . "Hansel and Gretel," Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647). . . . PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE: "Cinderella" and "The Mice in the Cellar." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, at 1:30). . . . PROVINCETOWN PLAYERS: "Hansel and Gretel." (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougall St. GR 7-1515. Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 29-Jan. 1, at 1:30 and 3). . . . ROCKEFELLER PLAYERS: "Snow Queen." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, and Sunday and Monday, Jan. 1-2, all at 1, and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 1 and 3. For tickets, call 249-6978). . . . STORYLAND THEATRE: "Mr. Scrooge." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 1:30 and 3:30). . . . TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS: "Adventures of Pinocchio," Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at 1:15 and 2:30. . . . "Comedy of Magic Show," Saturday, Dec. 31, at 1 and 2:30, and New Year's Day at 3:30. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283). . . . TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "The Indian Captive," Thursday, Dec. 29, at 11 and 1. . . . "The Golden Goose," Friday, Dec. 30, at 11 and 1. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Children under five not admitted). . . . UNIT THEATRE GROUP: "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp." (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. 254-4370. Thursday through Monday, Dec. 29-Jan. 2, at 1.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth

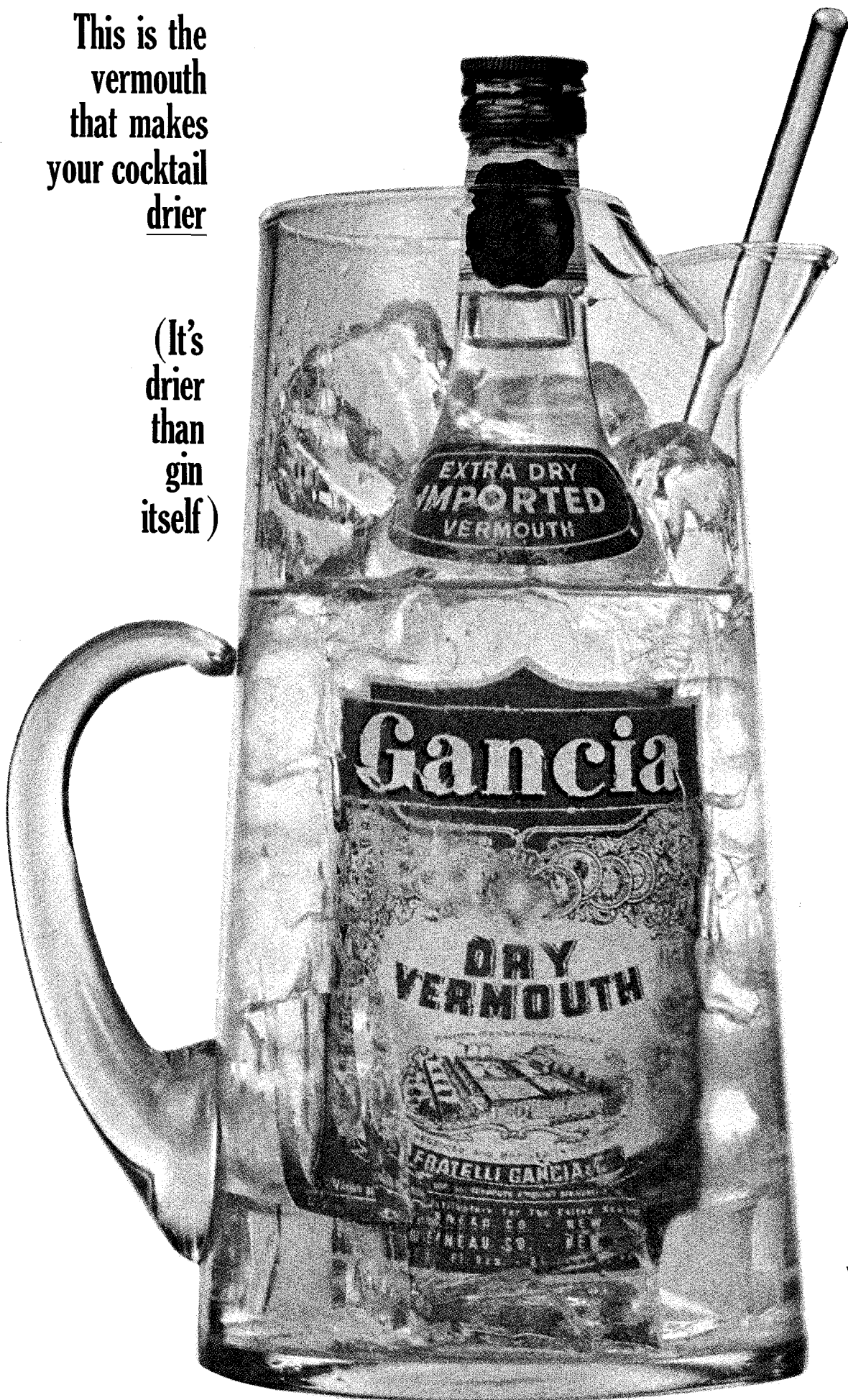
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop—Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Jan. 2, from 1 to 5.) ... ¶ "Five Young Artists: A Retrospective Exhibition," is comprised of selections from the drawings of four boys and one girl; through Feb. 15. (Daily, except Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Sky at Christmas Time." Starting Tuesday, Jan. 3, there will be a new show, "Ten Years into the Space Age." (Special holiday schedule: Thursday, Dec. 29, at 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Friday, Dec. 30, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 31, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; New Year's Day at 1, 2:30, and 4; Monday, Jan. 2, at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Tuesday through Friday, Jan. 3-6, at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Thursday through Monday, Dec. 29-Jan. 2, from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings Thursday through Tuesday, Dec. 29-Jan. 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily, except Saturday, Dec. 31, and New Year's Day.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALKER EVANS—Seventy-one examples, taken between 1930 and 1962. Among them are pictures of interiors and exteriors of buildings, subway scenes, and W.P.A. projects; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Mondays, except Jan. 2, through Saturdays, 11 to 5:30.)

AUCTIONS—Old Spanish treasure, including coins, silver, porcelains, jewelry, and artifacts, recovered from ships destroyed off the Florida coast in 1715. The collection will be on display through Sunday, Jan. 15, and from Saturday, Jan. 28, through Friday, Feb. 3. Auction on Saturday, Feb. 4. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Mondays through Saturdays, 11 to 8; Sundays, 1 to 7. An admission charge will be made.)

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—Dec. 29 at 2, 5:30, and 8, and Dec. 30 at 2 and 5:30: "The Story of Gösta Berling" (1923), a Swedish film, with Greta Garbo and Lars Hanson. ... ¶ Dec. 31 at 11:30 and 3: "Gaslight" (1940), with Diana Wynyard. ... ¶ Jan. 1-2 at 2 and 5:30: "Camille" (1936), with Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor. ... ¶ Jan. 3 at 2 and 5:30: "The Good Earth" (1937), with Luise Rainer and Paul Muni. ... ¶ Jan. 4 at 2 and 5:30: "Desire" (1936), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper. ... **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series of Laurel and Hardy films entitled "A Tribute to Hal Roach." Dec. 29: "Berth Marks" (1929), "Perfect Day" (1929), "Brats" (1930), and "Night Owls" (1930). ... ¶ Dec. 30-Jan. 1: "With Love and Kisses" (1937), "Towed in a Hole" (1933), and "Swiss Miss" (1938). ... ¶ Starting Jan. 3: "Flying Elephants" (1927), "Men o' War" (1929), "Going Bye Bye" (1934), and "Chickens Come Home" (1931). (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) ... **NOTE**: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

THE BIBLE—Glimpses of Genesis, painted in poster colors by John Huston. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 31, at 10, 2:30, 8, and midnight; Sunday and Monday, Jan. 1-2, at 2:30 and 8:30; Tuesday, Jan. 3, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

BLOW-UP—An account of the mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by the poetic eye of Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

CHUSHINGURA—The eighteenth-century Japanese epic, told with great beauty and at great length. With Toshiro Mifune. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO—A beautifully photographed but oddly muted version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2:30, 8, and midnight; Sunday and Monday, Jan. 1-2, at 2:30 and 8:30; Tuesday, Jan. 3, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE ENDLESS SUMMER—A brilliant documentary on surfing. A perfect movie about a search for the perfect wave. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

THE FORTUNE COOKIE—Billy Wilder's bitter comedy about a shyster lawyer who would sue himself if there was a crooked buck in it. With Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Jan. 3, ... 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Dec. 29, ... Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Dec. 30-Jan. 3.)

FUNERAL IN BERLIN—Michael Caine is again a Cockney spy in the service of Her Britannic Majesty. An admirable thriller, directed by Guy Hamilton. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM—Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, and Jack Gifford rush pell-mell through this richly colored version of the Broadway original. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

GALIA—A pretty girl from the provinces makes good in Paris and suffers the not always happy consequences. Mireille Darc is the ravishing heroine of this racy, luminous movie, directed by Georges Lautner. In French. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 9-9304.)

GEORGY GIRL—An exceptionally good English tragicomedy about a fat girl's joys and sorrows, with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, and Alan Bates. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123; and Midtown, B'way at 90th, AC 2-1200, ... Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Thursday through Monday, Dec. 29-Jan. 2, the feature will be shown after 4.)

GRAND PRIX—Unless you have an invincible aversion to racing cars, this should strike you as one of the best movies of the year. With Yves Montand, James Garner, and Eva Marie Saint, directed with superb gusto by John Frankenheimer. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2:30, 8, and midnight; New Year's Day at 2:30 and 8; Monday, Jan. 2, at 2:30 and 8:30; Tuesday, Jan. 3, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

HAWAII—A long, foolish account of how Christian missionaries spoiled things for the happy Polynesians. With Max von Sydow and Julie Andrews. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2:30, 8, and midnight; New Year's Day at 2:30 and 8; Monday, Jan. 2, at 2:30 and 8:30; Tuesday, Jan. 3, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

IS PARIS BURNING?—A thoroughly unsatisfactory adaptation of the well-known book. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2:30, 8, and midnight;

New Year's Day at 2:30 and 8; Monday, Jan. 2, at 2:30 and 8:30; Tuesday, Jan. 3, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 2 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

LOVES OF A BLONDE—A Czechoslovakian director named Milos Forman has made a nice, old-fashioned comedy about a girl and a boy and her desire to fall in love and his desire not to. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

A MAN AND A WOMAN—An example of a movie that really moves, directed and photographed by Claude Lelouch, who doesn't make any mistakes in his treatment of a small love story. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS—The moral tug of war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2:30, 5:30, 8:30, and midnight; New Year's Day at 2:30, 5:30, and 8:30; Monday, Jan. 2, at 2:30 and 8:30; Tuesday, Jan. 3, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

SECONDS—A terrifying science-fiction thriller, directed by John Frankenheimer and starring Rock Hudson and Salome Jens. Look the other way when things get too scary. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Dec. 29.)

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?—Under Mike Nichols' direction, the Albee play has retained all its savage vitality in the move from stage to screen. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal appear at their best. Mr. Burton's best is extraordinary. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Jan. 4.)

THE WRONG BOX—Farce, in color, about murderous competition for money, with Ralph Richardson and John Mills as heads of the competing branches of a family. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Dec. 29.)

REVIVALS

L'AVVENTURA (1961)—A film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl. In Italian. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Jan. 4.)

THE BALCONY (1963)—Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 31.)

BREATHLESS (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 30-Jan. 2.)

A CHILD IS WAITING (1963)—A study of retarded children, enacted by a cast that includes Burt Lancaster and Judy Garland. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 30.)

A COLD WIND IN AUGUST (1961)—The story concerns a tough stripper (Lola Albright) and a hitherto virtuous boy (Scott Marlowe) who fall in love. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 4.)

THE CONJUGAL BED (1963)—An account of what happens to a forty-two-year-old Don Juan when a chaste virgin consents to marry him. In Italian. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Dec. 30-31.)

DARLING (1965)—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey in an account of contemporary London life. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Jan. 1-3.)

DR. STRANGELOVE (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Jan. 4.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by

Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni and Anouk Aimée. In Italian. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Jan. 4.)

FORBIDDEN GAMES (1952)—A film about the effect of war and death on two small children. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Jan. 3.)

FREUD (1962)—An account of the origins of psychoanalysis, directed by John Huston and starring Montgomery Clift. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 3.)

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

HELP! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

HORSEFEATHERS (1932)—The Marx Brothers in an academic setting. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Dec. 30-Jan. 1.)

THE IDIOT (1948)—Gérard Philipe in an interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Jan. 3.)

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (1965)—A tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Directed by Federico Fellini, and with Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Jan. 4.)

JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS (1966)—A documentary, prepared by the U.S.I.A., of some highlights of the Kennedy administration, knitted together by many scenes of his funeral. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Jan. 4.)

NIGHT AND FOG (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 29.)

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA (1935)—The Marx Brothers again, this time cutting up in the musical world. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Dec. 30-Jan. 1.)

NOTHING BUT A MAN (1964)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, enacted by Ivan Dixon. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 30.)

ONE-EYED JACKS (1961)—Marlon Brando is both star and director of this Western. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 31-Jan. 2.)

THE PETRIFIED FOREST (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Dec. 29.)

POINT OF ORDER! (1964)—A documentary on the Army-McCarthy hearings. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 29.)

SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE (1962)—A picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 30, ... Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 30-Jan. 2.)

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES (1965)—Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, and several others in an air race across the English Channel in 1910. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Dec. 30.)

A THOUSAND CLOWNS (1965)—An adaptation of the Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, and Martin Balsam. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Jan. 1-3.)

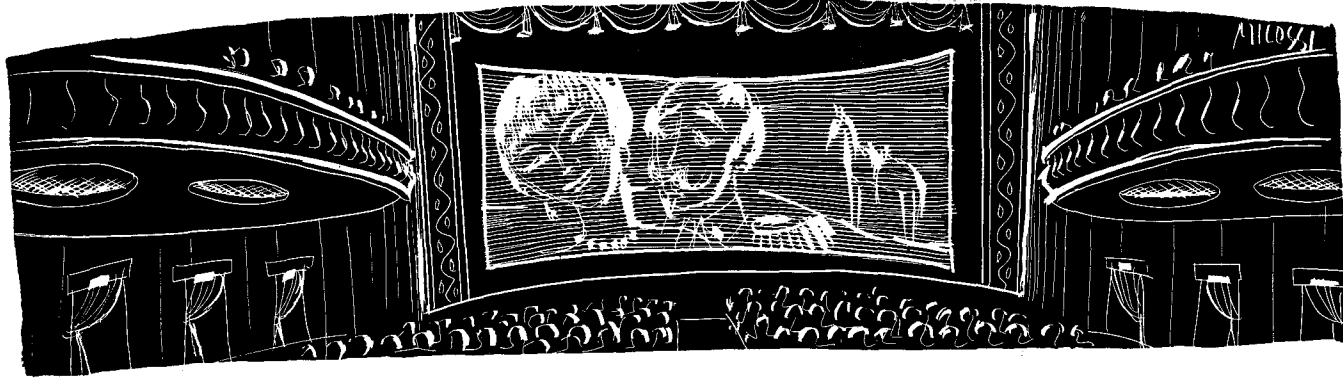
TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Dec. 29.)

THE TRIAL (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 29, ... Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 1, ... New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 3-4.)

YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (1964)—A three-part comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Jan. 2-3.)

FILM LIBRARIES—See listing under "Other Events," page 19.

THE MOVIE HOUSES



THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"After the Fox," Peter Sellers, Britt Ekland.
CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.
CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
IS PARIS BURNING?
DeMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.
FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
FUNERAL IN BERLIN.
MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Follow Me, Boys!", Fred MacMurray, Vera Miles.
NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.
RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2:30, 8, and midnight; Sunday and Monday, Jan. 1-2, at 2:30 and 8:30; Tuesday, Jan. 3, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)
STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.
VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Murderers' Row," Dean Martin, Ann-Margret.
WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
GRAND PRIX.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
GEORGY GIRL.
CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
HELP!, revival; and A HARD DAY'S NIGHT, revival.
GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Dec. 29: THE WRONG BOX.
From Dec. 30: "The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.
KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.
MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"After the Fox," Peter Sellers, Britt Ekland.
34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
GALIA (in French).
SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Gambit," Shirley MacLaine, Michael Caine.
TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"After the Fox," Peter Sellers, Britt Ekland.
R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"The Spy with a Cold Nose," Laurence Harvey, Daliah Lavi.
FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.
PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Fahrenheit 451," Julie Christie, Oskar Werner.
BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.
CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
BLOW-UP.
CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM.
CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
LOVES OF A BLONDE, a Czechoslovakian film.
YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Dec. 30: THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES, revival.
From Dec. 31: "Young Aphrodites" (in Greek).

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Quiller Memorandum," George Segal, Alec Guinness.
68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Dec. 29: THE FORTUNE COOKIE.
From Dec. 30: "The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.
TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
FUNERAL IN BERLIN.
72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
GALIA (in French).
TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
GEORGY GIRL. (Thursday through Monday, Dec. 29-Jan. 2, showings will begin at 4. On Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at noon and 2, there will be showings of "The Seven Dwarfs to the Rescue." On Saturday through Monday, Dec. 31-Jan. 2, at noon and 2, there will be showings of "The Sleeping Beauty.")
R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 3: "Arrivederci, Baby!", Tony Curtis, Rosanna Schiaffino; and "Trunk to Cairo," Audie Murphy, George Sanders.
From Jan. 4: WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?
ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Murderers' Row," Dean Martin, Ann-Margret.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Dec. 29: THE TRIAL, revival; NIGHT AND FOG, revival; and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina.
Dec. 30-Jan. 2: BREATHLESS and SUNDAYS AND CYBELE (both in French and both revivals).
From Jan. 3: FORBIDDEN GAMES and THE IDIOT (both in French and both revivals).
GARRICK, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Dec. 29: TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE, revival; and THE PETRIFIED FOREST, revival.
Dec. 30-Jan. 1: A NIGHT AT THE OPERA, revival; and HORSEFEATHERS, revival.
Jan. 2-3: YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian), revival; and "The White Sheik" (in Italian), revival, Alberto Sordi.
From Jan. 4: JULIET OF THE SPIRITS and 8 1/2 (both in Italian and both revivals).
WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Dec. 29: SECONDS; and "This Property Is Condemned," Natalie Wood, Robert Redford.
Dec. 30-Jan. 3: THE FORTUNE COOKIE; and "The Idol," Jennifer Jones, Michael Parks.
From Jan. 4: WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?
8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 3: "Cul-de-Sac," Donald Pleasence, Françoise Dorléac.
From Jan. 4: JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS, revival.
5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Do You Keep a Lion at Home?", a Czechoslovakian film.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Dec. 29: THE FORTUNE COOKIE; and "Ambush Bay," Hugh O'Brian, Mickey Rooney.
From Dec. 30: "The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin; and "Traitor's Gate," Gary Raymond.
GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Dec. 29: THE WRONG BOX; and "Repulsion," revival, Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry.
Dec. 30-31: THE CONJUGAL BED (in Italian), revival; and "High Infidelity" (in Italian), revival, Monica Vitti, Ugo Tognazzi.
Jan. 1-3: A THOUSAND CLOWNS, revival; and DARLING, revival.
From Jan. 4: L'AVVENTURA (in Italian), revival.
R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"The Spy with a Cold Nose," Laurence Harvey, Daliah Lavi.
GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
FUNERAL IN BERLIN.
FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Night Games" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin.
CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.
LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
GEORGY GIRL.
CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
CHUSHINGURA (in Japanese).
LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Spy with a Cold Nose," Laurence Harvey, Daliah Lavi.
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).
NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 30: NOTHING BUT A MAN, revival; and SUNDAYS AND CYBELE (in French), revival.
Dec. 31-Jan. 2: ONE-EYED JACKS, revival; and "Heller in Pink Tights," revival, Sophia Loren, Anthony Quinn.
Jan. 3-4: THE TRIAL, revival; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.
SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 3: THE FORTUNE COOKIE; and "Ambush Bay," Hugh O'Brian, Mickey Rooney.
From Jan. 4: DR. STRANGELOVE, revival; and "The Guns of Navarone," revival, Gregory Peck, David Niven.
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 29: POINT OF ORDER!, revival; and "No Exit," revival, Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam.
Dec. 30: A CHILD IS WAITING, revival; and "Too Late Blues," revival, Bobby Darin, Stella Stevens.
Dec. 31: THE BALCONY, revival; and "An Affair of the Skin," revival, Viveca Lindfors, Kevin McCarthy.
Jan. 1: THE TRIAL, revival; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.
Jan. 2: "The Cool World," revival, Hampton Clanton; and "The Connection," revival, Warren Finnerty.
Jan. 3: FREUD, revival; and "The Eternal Mask" (in German), revival.
Jan. 4: A COLD WIND IN AUGUST, revival; and "Odds Against Tomorrow," revival, Harry Belafonte, Ed Begley.
MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
GEORGY GIRL.



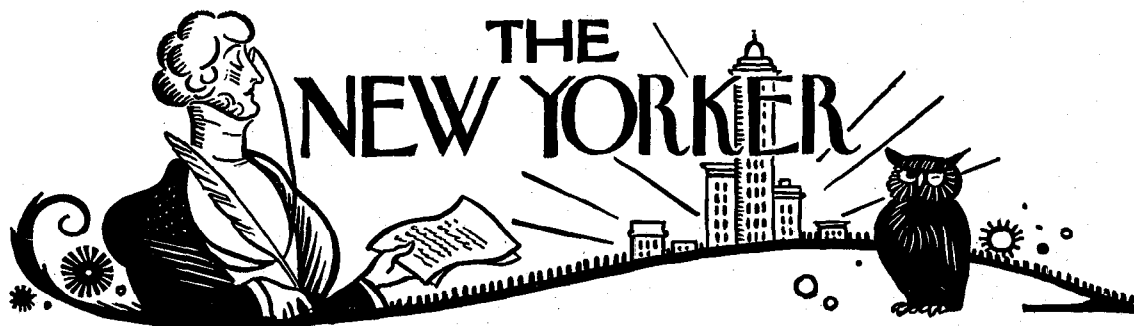
What's in a

could be love...could be

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Germaine Monteil



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE suspect that we have a poor ear for the historic utterance. God knows this has been a big year for striking pronouncements, but our backward cast of memory turns up little more than a sense of abashed forgetfulness. The single declaration that remains vivid to us was uttered by no head of state, no impassioned leader of a movement, no spokesman for an activist group. It was pronounced, in very plain fact, by Mr. Stanley Hoostowski, a sixty-year-old stationmaster for the New Haven Railroad, in Canaan, Connecticut. Mr. Hoostowski is in imminent danger of having his station shot out from under him by



the bankrupt railroad in its steadfast march toward extinction, and he was moved by the impending loss to say, "I don't like to see it go, but what can you do? Progress is getting ahead of everybody." The more we consider that crusty last sentence, the more we admire it. As an epitaph for the year just past, as an admonition for the year to come, it would be hard to improve on. Now that 1966 is behind us, it can hurt nobody's feelings to observe that during this period humanity did not distinguish itself as a wise regulator of the forces it has set in motion. One got the impression on every hand that actions were outpacing actors, that events were proceeding in accordance with a logic of their own. The evolution of the civil-rights movement into a debate on the meaning of the words "black power," the suspicion that our involvement in Vietnam has grown beyond our ability to alter or limit, the purblind moves toward the development of that super-

lative engine of idiocy, the supersonic transport—these were representative of the year. The language itself took on a note of resignation in response to the mere linked succession of occurrences. The modish word "escalation" is an instance, for a man on an escalator is in no position to impose bounds on the lengths to which he is carried, and neither, we suspect, is a nation. And what a strange passivity before the occasions of life is implicit in the expression "to be turned on," which undoubtedly represents a normal, and even laudable, ambition in a transistor radio but sounds extremely peculiar on the lips of viable adolescents. There is someone, of course, to welcome every prospect, however appalling or ludicrous, that quivers on the horizon of the times. Dr. Timothy Leary announces the coming of the "molecular age," in which "the issue is not what books you read or which symbols you use but which chemicals are part of your life and your growth"—surely better news for molecules than for men—while Mr. J. Rodriguez, of Cleveland, has told the readers of *Science & Mechanics* that what the world really needs just now is an electric can opener that works on batteries, for the benefit of campers and other hardy outdoorsmen. Even people who do not relish an advancing prospect seldom question its inevitability. In a thoughtful article called "Noise" in the December issue of *Scientific American*, Dr. Leo L. Beranek justly observes, "For man in the present 'advanced' stage of civilization noise is no longer a trivial problem. It is ironic that the U.S., with its genius for creating technical marvels and solving technological problems, allows this most unpleasant affliction to debase its culture." But then Dr. Beranek rather compounds the irony when he flatly declares that "ahead of us lies the prospect of sonic booms from the next generation of airplanes—the supersonic transport

(SST)," and adds, "The coming of supersonic travel is inevitable; we must prepare to control its effects." As nearly as we can make out, this supposed inevitability is based on the fact that the British and the French and the Russians are working on supersonic airliners, this country therefore being obliged to build a yet faster one to preserve its "leadership" in aviation—success that, in turn, will doubtless drive the Russians back to their wind tunnels for something faster still. And so aviation will progress from speed to speed, from boom to boom. Fortunately, this advance, in the very nature of things, cannot long continue. Once the designers have produced an airplane capable of twenty-five thousand miles an hour, the race will be over, because such a plane will depart this world altogether, having achieved what is called "escape velocity." We are inclined to urge the President, who is even now deciding between two designs for the SST, to scrap them both and press at once for this ultimate airplane. There is a bare possibility of genuine progress in the production of an aircraft that would attract all the restless spirits who demand to be whisked about the world at maximum speed, regardless of the discomfort of those



over whom they fly, and that, having attracted them, would whirl them off in the general direction of Mars or Venus, with plenty of time for an in-flight double feature. The national preoccupation with saving time being thus largely relieved at its fretful source, the rest of us might turn, in our slow-going way, to making the best use of the time we have—an enterprise that could profitably include taking a close and skeptical look at every proposition

that advertises itself as an inevitable advance.

Paulding's Folly

CONCATENATIONS delight. What could be more agreeable than the forging of a link between the newly organized Victorian Society in America—the geographical appendage distinguishes it from its English prototype, which is simply the Victorian Society—and Lyndhurst, the magnificent Gothic Revival house in Tarrytown that the Duchess of Talleyrand-Périgord, née Anna Gould, bequeathed to the National Trust for Historic Preservation upon her death, a few years ago, and that has been opened to the public? Architectural historians are famously uneasy about the looseness of the term “Victorian,” and try to keep the period it embraces detached from the person for whom it is named, but Lyndhurst’s and the Queen’s dates jibe too closely not to call attention to themselves; Lyndhurst was begun in 1838, a year after Victoria ascended the throne, and although the house and the grounds underwent continual alterations during her reign, few changes were made in them after 1901, the year she died. Lyndhurst, in its romantic beauty on the banks of the Hudson, gazing out among immense weeping beeches to the Tappan Zee and bearing within its capacious bosom a profuse, higgledy-piggledy accumulation of Gould family furniture, paintings, and statuary, embodies the Victorian spirit at the very height of its domestic exuberance; when the Victorian Society in America decided to celebrate its successful birth with a country outing, it was natural that it should choose this great house to visit.

We were among sixty-odd passengers aboard a chartered bus that left the city for Lyndhurst on a recent Saturday morning—the morning of a day so persistently darkling and rainswept that one could find good in it only by thinking of it as appropriately Gothic. As we made our way through the Bronx, we were handed a Society broadside, from which we learned that the officers of the Society include Henry-Russell Hitchcock, J. Stewart Johnson, Thomas Buechner, and Mrs. Margot Gayle, and that its board of advisers includes such resonant names as Louis Auchincloss, Carl Carmer, Thomas P. F. Hoving, Ada Louise Huxtable, and Philip Johnson; we also received a brisk lecture on Victoriana

by Marvin Schwartz, curator of decorative arts at the Brooklyn Museum, and a lecture on Alexander Jackson Davis, the architect of Lyndhurst, by Mrs. Jane Davies, a cataloguer of rare books at the Columbia University Libraries.

We proceeded north on Route 9 to Irvington, where a preliminary stop had been arranged at Mr. Carmer’s celebrated octagon house. Built in the eighteen-sixties, when such houses were all the rage in the Hudson Valley, the Carmer house is a characteristic Victorian mélange; its multiple façade hints of both Russian and French nineteenth-century styles, but it was in fact the dream house of an importer of Chinese tea, Joseph Stiner, and Oriental motifs are to be discovered throughout the interior. After the Carmers had served us sherry, and Mr. Carmer, an authority on the Valley, had told several eight-sided anecdotes, we bundled back into the bus and journeyed on to Lyndhurst, which sits in its ample grounds like a gray-green dream out of ancient days—an artfully calculated befuddlement of crocketed gables, pinnaled battlements, and lofty chimney tops.

Before entering the main house, we were ushered into a smallish servants’ house of ten or twelve rooms, where elegant box lunches, prepared by the



Brasserie, were distributed, along with commendable quantities of champagne. (“If we believe in the Victorians, we ought to try to *live* like them,” said one of the group, over the popping of corks.) As we tucked away pâté, cold chicken, *ratatouille*, French bread, fruit, and coffee, a member of the Society consented to instruct us in Lyndhurst’s past: how Davis had designed it for General William Paulding, a native of Tarrytown, who served several terms as Mayor of New York; how Philip Hone, Paulding’s political rival and also a Mayor of New York, sniffily dismissed the house in his diary (“an edifice of gigantic size, with no room in it, . . . will one of these days be designated as ‘Paulding’s folly’”); how, in 1864, a New York merchant named George Merritt bought the house from Paulding’s son and commissioned Davis to draw plans for additions that more than doubled its size (Merritt thought big and, with true Victorian gusto, built a greenhouse on the estate four hundred feet long, with a central tower a hundred feet high); and how the financier Jay Gould bought the property from the Merritt

heirs in 1880, leaving it upon his death, in 1892, to his eldest daughter, Helen (Mrs. Finley J. Shepard), who upon *her* death, in 1938, left it to her sister Anna.

Their delectable Brasserie *pique-nique* concluded, the members of the Society repaired to the main house, where they were permitted to wander almost at will through the hushed, vaulted old rooms. The rain beat on the slate roofs and ran down the mullioned windows, and there were whitecaps out on the sullen river, but we were safe and warm inside the stone walls of Lyndhurst. To the contemporary eye, the house is fantastically overfurnished, yet how comfortable it seems—for a castle, how cozy, like some prodigy of a doll’s house built on an Olympian scale. The bedroom of the Duchess is one of the smallest rooms in the house. It is the room she occupied as a child and to which she returned in old age, and she remains a vivid presence within it. The Victorians dared to be sentimental, and in the company of so many members of the Victorian Society in America we dared to be sentimental, too; as we turned away from the little, cluttered bedroom, we said an inaudible “Thank you” to our invisible benefactress.

WE haven’t the faintest notion how far, if anywhere, it is willing to go, but the Internal Revenue Service has a Permissive Branch.

Sisters of the Poor

EVERYTHING seems to be a business these days. Business is business, of course, and now healing the sick has become the medicine business, and giving to the poor has become the charity business, or else the welfare business. And at the moment all these tabulated, correlated, data-processed businesses have ganged up on about a dozen nuns who had asked nothing more than to devote their lives to a cheerful, bustling three-hundred-and-eighty-bed hospital, owned and operated by the Franciscan Sisters of the Poor, in the middle of a slum in the south Bronx. The hospital is St. Francis, at 525 East 142nd Street—a five-story structure just a few blocks north of the historic St. Ann’s Episcopal Church and the tomb of Gouverneur Morris, in a once-thriving area that was first German and then Irish and is now almost solidly Puerto Rican. Management studies are in vogue in the hospital business, and studies made of St. Francis Hospital have pointed out



"I knew we shouldn't have ignored that 'Merry Christmas from the Boys' notice."

that the trouble with it was that it was doing exactly what it was founded to do more than a century ago—healing the sick poor. Healing the poor has not been good business at all—a fact that has apparently been taken into consideration by many St. Francis doctors, who over the years have followed their wealthier patients to pleasanter areas, farther out in the Bronx or in Westchester County or in Connecticut. The number of private and semi-private patients in St. Francis has steadily decreased, and as the south Bronx has turned into a warren of tenements and rooming houses the number of ward patients paid for by the city has grown. Earlier this year, the hospital reported that more than seventy per cent of its patients were in this category. The proper ratio, experts suggest, is forty per cent city patients to sixty per cent paying patients. Because until recently the city paid barely three-fourths of the estimated cost to St. Francis of each indigent patient, the increasing proportion of patients unable to pay did

not make for good hospital business. The Franciscan Sisters of the Poor didn't mind, but the people who know about business did. So, unfortunately, did the people who know about medicine. Although the hospital was consistently filled nearly to capacity—and, in some departments, beyond capacity—it lacked a sufficient number of patients with the financial means to call on the services of medical specialists, and without the instruction and supervision of specialists the quality of training that the hospital was able to provide its residents and internes began to suffer. Something that added to the problem, the consultants informed the Sisters, was the outmoded, old-fashioned building itself. There were a lot of elderly workers around the place, too—workers who had been there as long as fifty years—and they obviously weren't pulling their weight anymore. Besides, when such workers *were* persuaded to retire, the Sisters allowed them to stay on as "boarders" and cared for them. And though it was

nice that the Sisters and many of the nurses had taken the trouble to learn Spanish, that didn't help the hospital attract private patients. But the Sisters went right ahead, as they had been doing on 142nd Street since 1906. (For forty years before that, the order had maintained a hospital in downtown Manhattan to heal the sick poor.)

In 1960, the Hospital Review and Planning Council of Southern New York, a quasi-public board composed of thirteen doctors and twenty-nine lay representatives of medical, civic, labor, religious, and charitable organizations and charged with advising the State Health Commissioner on hospital projects, gave the Sisters a grave warning about economic conditions but, significantly, noted that the hospital would lend itself excellently to renovation. Thus encouraged, the Sisters began doing something about the professional-staff problem. Dr. Louis M. Rousselot, director of surgery at St. Vincent's Hospital and professor of clinical surgery at the New York University

School of Medicine, agreed to become a consultant to St. Francis on medical affairs. A professor and a former professor were signed on as heads of the surgical and medical departments, and twenty-odd medical specialists were added to the rolls. All this, however, was insufficient to satisfy the Hospital Review and Planning Council. In a letter of eight pages and three tables sent to the Archdiocese, the Council demonstrated that it would be "impracticable" for even a renovated St. Francis Hospital "to continue operation as a voluntary general hospital care facility in the south Bronx." The Council's president, Dr. Jack C. Haldeman, told a caller at his office, "If they had suggested the possibility of relocation where they could still serve the poor but have a chance of serving some of the paid group, our decision might well

have been different. I see no reason a religious order can't serve all segments of the population." The Sisters could plead only that there was little need for their work among patients who could afford to pay. They cited a survey, which they had commissioned, showing that 68.6 per cent of St. Francis's admitted patients and 93 per cent of its outpatients came from within a two-mile radius of the hospital. The Council remained adamant. If the Sisters would not relocate, only a totally new hospital would make it possible for them to continue serving the community. There were suggestions that if the Sisters couldn't raise the necessary money, old St. Francis might yet be sound enough to serve temporarily as an outpatient center for Lincoln Hospital, seven blocks to the east. St. Francis's administrator, a young and outspoken nun named Sister Anthony Joseph, said at the time, "Not interested. We'll tear it down and use it as a parking lot before it comes to that." And the Sisters thereupon assumed what was for them a most uncharacteristic role. They became public-re-



"And to all you people on those other planets out there, a Happy New Year!"

lations women, organizing a Committee to Save St. Francis Hospital and dispatching supporters to speak before church groups and political and civil-rights gatherings. Newspapers were notified and rallies were held. Torchlight parades wound through the neighborhood, and pregnant mothers formed picket lines. In the eyes of the management experts, it was a ridiculous fight; the experts cited statistics, but the Sisters kept talking about people. The reporters who came to the hospital were taken—like it or not—upstairs to visit a critically burned little girl whose life had been saved (specialists at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center said) by prompt treatment in St. Francis's emergency ward. Radio reporters taped interviews with bedridden patients and elderly employees, who asked forlornly, "Where will we go?" Newspaper reporters were shown patients being turned away from the clinics of the closing hospital. Most of the patients put up token arguments and then left, either to go home or to undertake the seven-block walk to Lincoln Hospital. "You wait five or six hours over there,"

they kept saying. That statement was not disputed at Lincoln, an already overcrowded city hospital, whose administration was not at all grateful for the extra business it got from St. Francis. "Sure, people wait five hours," Dr. Nasry Michelen, Lincoln's director, said. "Go to Morrisania, to Bronx-Lebanon, to Montefiore, and ask them how long people have waited. This is terrible, what's happening to St. Francis."

On Sunday, June 13, 1965, just a little more than two weeks before the hospital was to close, the prayers of the Sisters were answered with what they hailed as a miracle on 142nd Street. Francis Cardinal Spellman stood on the hospital steps and pledged his coin collection, which is one of the finest in America, and has been appraised at five hundred thousand dollars, to initiate a twenty-million-dollar building fund that would give the Sisters the new hospital they needed to win the approval of the Council. The Sisters did their part. The annual operating deficit of the hospital was cut from five hundred thousand dollars to three hundred thousand, and, with the aid of a three-hundred-thousand-dollar loan from their order, medical facilities were further upgraded. St. Francis, unlike many area hospitals, had full accreditation for internships and residencies in the major medical specialties, and it received a commendation from the surveyors of the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals, who noted the "phenomenal improvement, growth, and integrity of the hospital." The reprieve was only that, however. Last October, after the city had announced plans to erect a nine-hundred-and-seventy-five-bed annex of Lincoln Hospital on a site just five blocks from St. Francis, the Council acted again. This new Lincoln Hospital, the Sisters were told in a letter, would obviate the need for a new St. Francis in the south Bronx. If the Sisters would consider relocating, though,

they might consider the need for a voluntary hospital in the developing—and comparatively wealthy—Sound View and Castle Hill area of the Bronx. The Sisters, predictably, were not interested. “I said it before,” said Sister Anthony Joseph. “We are the Franciscan Sisters of the Poor. And this is where the poor are.” Elsewhere in the Archdiocese, the Sisters found few people who relished continuing the fight; nine hundred thousand dollars already raised for the building fund was returned to the parishes that had contributed it, and the struggle to save St. Francis was turned over to neighborhood, community, and civil-rights groups and to Bronx Borough President Herman Badillo. Mr. Badillo, alarmed at the prospect of losing forty-six per cent of the area’s hospital beds, appealed to the State Commissioner of Health. “I don’t see how you can reasonably say that two hospitals are too many in this community,” he said. Mr. Badillo’s appeal was echoed by Dr. Richard Izquierdo, a pediatrician, who is now chairman of the Committee to Save St. Francis Hospital.

To amplify his views, and to make charges against both the Council and the Archdiocese, Dr. Izquierdo called a news conference last week at the Overseas Press Club. He and the other members of his committee were delighted to find, on their arrival, a battalion of cameras and microphones and reporters. It turned out, though, that the press was there in force only in order to catch Senator Robert Kennedy in his first appearance before the press since the dispute broke out over “The Death of a President.” Senator Kennedy carefully dissociated himself from an accusation by Dr. Izquierdo of collusion between the Council and the Archdiocese in arranging the closing of the hospital; he merely read a brief prepared statement of support—for the hospital, if not for the Sisters—and departed, taking the press corps with him. The committee had better public-relations luck when a group of supporters staged a protracted sit-in in the offices of the Council

on the fifth floor of 3 East Fifty-fourth Street. Eight women—hospital employees, community residents, and representatives of the Bronx chapter of the Congress of Racial Equality—enconced themselves comfortably in Dr. Haldeman’s office and there entertained television, radio, and newspaper reporters.

Despite the publicity, however, the Sisters now have little hope for the future of St. Francis. They are proceeding with the melancholy task of evacuating the hospital. Apparently, Sister Anthony Joseph had decided against the parking lot after all, a friend remarked, and asked her whether the fight was over. “As far as the Sisters are concerned, it is,” she said. “I guess after you’ve had your head knocked against the wall a few times, you start hearing bells.”

What does remain is the question of what the various authorities responsible for the closing of St. Francis Hospital intend to do about hospital services in the south Bronx. At this writing, the city has made no formal announcement that it intends to take over the building and its facilities, and the members of the hospital’s house staff—twenty residents and twelve internes—have obtained other positions. Members of the nursing and housekeeping staffs are out job-hunting now, and the staff physicians—more than a hundred and fifty of them—have begun the laborious process of arranging for other hospital affiliations. “Still, for the doctors the problem isn’t really acute,” Dr.

Philip Brickner, the hospital’s director of medicine, said. “I think the community is hurt the most, and the Sisters next. They poured their hearts, souls, and money into this. They were wonderful to the patients, and they were wonderful people to work for. St. Francis has been a happy place for all of us.”

The Holiday Scene

ALONG with more traditional festivities, an urban Yuletide often provides one or two distinctive touches that help put our confused visions of Christmas Past, Present, and Future into some kind of perspective. We witnessed one such scene last week. A Bob Dylan-looking young man was standing in front of a very posh apartment building on Fifth Avenue, talking to the doorman. The young man had a French-cut poodle on a leash, and he was wearing faded blue jeans, engineers’ boots encrusted with dirt, a tattered Army fatigue jacket, and an avalanche of blond hair; the doorman looked like a retired fleet admiral. As we approached, we heard the doorman say, “And how was school this year?” The young man ran his free hand through his hair and said, “Ah—you know.” Then, struggling to restrain the poodle, he said, “Well, Merry Christmas, Henry,” and the doorman said, “The same to you, and a Happy New Year,” and the elegant pet and the scruffy young master padded through the discreetly festive lobby toward a shiny elevator door at the far end.



SEASON'S GREETINGS FROM WEST HOLLYWOOD

FROM time to time, here in Cos Cob, I receive missives from a young semi-employed actor in West Hollywood who seems to have the misfortune to have been born just a little too early for the guaranteed annual wage and quite a bit too late for the freewheeling artistic days of the cinquecento.

DEAR FRANK:

How are all the tired Eastern liberals? That was really terrific, buddy—I mean, you spotting me in that old “Kildare” rerun. Did you notice how I played it? The cigarette bit was to suggest undischarged aggression. Massey didn’t know what hit him in that scene. Nothing much is changed out here. Well, of course we did get a new governor, and now everybody is saying that in his heart he’s really one of us and he didn’t mean all those things he said. After watching him in “The Last Outpost,” “Knute Rockne—All American,” and “Storm Warning” in a pre-inaugural film festival on Super Channel 9 the other night, I’m waiting for a statement that he didn’t mean it as an actor, either.

I hope you had a happy holiday season. Myself, I was a little short on bread. Bread! I was short on lettuce, mayonnaise, luncheon meat, Fritos, and Diet Pepsi. And I especially wanted to get Bibi a really up-the-pole gift. I looked through my pockets and all I had was a buck eighty-seven and a chipped Delano Grape Strike button. I know the whole giftie bit is for Grant Wood copouts and all, but maybe the little foxes are laying it down right when they demand tangible proof from MARS (Man Assuming Role of Spouse) that he really cares.

What caused the big dollar drain was I went into this real acting slump. The demand just seemed to dry up for short young actors who look like the early Chester Morris (from my chocolate side, anyway). Finally, I was pencilled in last month for a bit in a test-pilot for a sitch-com at Desilu. It quickly aborted. Another three weeks went by before I got this job impersonating a leprechaun for a Yuletide commersh for “Irish Bob” MacNamara’s Ford place (“You need a hundred dollars and your good name”). It’s over on Los Feliz. He used to have a firm policy of no Sunday selling but he gave it up. God is dead. The fuel pump on my Falcon was out, so I had to walk over there. We were to do

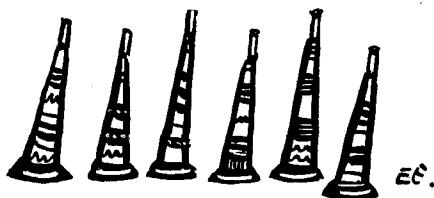
about eighteen live commercials that brutally interrupt the Scary Show, which begins out here at midnight. To make the scene I had to walk down Hollywood Blvd. in my Little People gear. The Saturday-night freakers were all out, and the fuzz glommed onto me like sharks on fresh chum. They beseeched identification to prove I’m old enough to be out late. I’m twenty-six, and though I may not look twenty-six in fairyfolk rig, I sure look eighteen. It’s just their way to get a look into your wallet. Anyway, I had to stand in a line with all the other freakers while they made sure we had papers from Earth, and I missed the first three teleblurbs at Irish Bob’s Auto City. There was some dispute about how much I was to be paid, or whether, and it has all been placed under arbitration with the Screen Actors’ Guild and locked in the archives until about the year 2008.

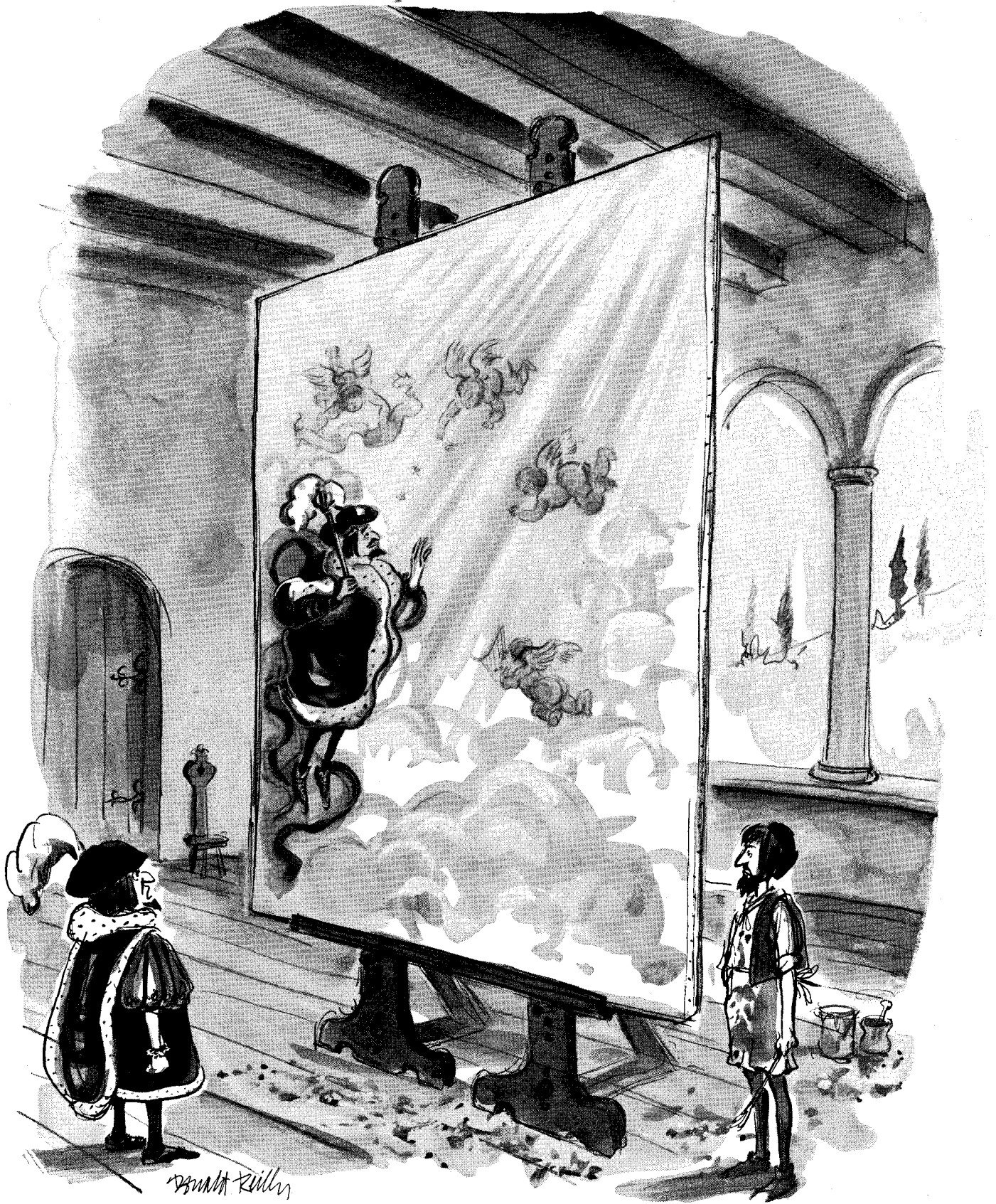
I got so desperate I thought of selling stock in myself. Some super-hippie from the local underground press tried that, you know. This guy was a sit-down guest on the Jerry Pulver interview & insult show, appearing between a ufologist who took a three-hour ride over the mythical little kingdom of Orange County in a Venutian spaceship and a lady chiropractor who hit a horse on the freeway and couldn’t get any satisfaction out of its owner. Pulver told this original who was selling himself he was a lazy beatnik bum and should go gargle with razor blades. The way I see it, this hippie can get away with a bubble like that because he’s a writer. People always believe in writers, even if they can’t write for free seeds. An actor, they can see he can’t act.

THEN, in the nick of time, I landed a situation in a Christmas-tree lot just north of Fountain on Vine. (At least it beat hauling mail, with all those eager schnauzers at your calves while you juggle your twenty-four copies of *Life’s* big holiday issue.) I was hiding in that iridescent copse one night (they had only three chlorophyll-green trees, the way Smokey the Bear likes them) when my Chinese buddy, Ros-

coe Yi, came by on the way to a secret freak-in, featuring Frank Zappa’s Mothers of Invention. He was wearing a “No War Toys” sweatshirt, a gaucho hat, clamdiggers, granny glasses, and bare feet. He had his costume in a shopping bag and he was going to stop off at his pad and put it on. (I think I told you about Roscoe in one of my other letters. He’s a hot-dog surfer and he used to be real wigged on Zen. Bibi and I met him up at Esalen in one of the basic-encounter groups. He’s now fronting for a force called Yellow Power. Roscoe says your average first- and second-generation Chinese are a bunch of Uncle Wongs, toadying to the white power elite. He calls Whiteys Big Noses and says we smell of butter. I told him I probably smell more like the lower-priced spread. I think he likes me, and maybe I’ll be spared when the Mandate of Heaven comes, or the thousand flowers bloom, or whatever. Roscoe’s an O.K. guy, but there are times when his cooler-than-thou attitude really bugs me.) Well, in an expansive mood, I gave him one of the plain green trees, manufactured the old way by Mother Isis and photosynthesis, explained to him how it was a druidical symbol, and told him to go to the freak-in as a forest deity of immemorial Cathay. Worse luck, the entrepreneur of this sylvan desecration, this dendroid knacker’s yard, a pathetic pre-McLuhan type with absolutely no tactile and kinetic depth perception, saw me not collect for his balsam. Roscoe was an absolute mind-bending Yule psych-out as he floated down Vine with that boscaige over his shoulder, but old Titus Moody was unmoved. I was cashiered out of hand. Given the old push.

The chance of Bibi getting anything for Christmas, at least of a commercial nature, was becoming a definitely short-odds proposition when Thalia smiled on me and I landed a spot at scale (\$105) on the Sol Morton show. They hired me to drive this red Camaro convert with two-plus-two and a four-speed stick. The show is taped in the afternoon, so I trotted over to the studio about one-thirty. Morton is a kind of permanent established floating undergrad who rotten-eggs the power structure for a living, which is so good he makes more than most people in the power structure. His uniform is a gooseneck jersey, wide-wale corduroys, garrison belt, and sandals. He gets on the blackboard and classifies everything from movies to motorcars as Left Wing, Social Democrat, or Fascist. He’s a bit of a masochist, but I pick up





"Give me more angels and make them gladder to see me."

what he lays down. Of course I don't agree with everything he says, but then again, when you get right down to the nitty-gritty I don't agree with everything I say, either. During the show, he keeps putting little agitprop signs on his desk reading "EDITORIAL," "ATTACK!," "AMERICA IS AT STAKE!,"

"NO MERCY." Or he'll say, "So once again America is depraved. Conscience-stricken liberals trying to pay off their guilt. Does anybody care? Is anybody listening?" Bibi thinks he's out of sight. The women really groove on his music.

Morton's got this real collector's bag

about cars. He's a Berenson of Bugattis. He owns three cars and a bike and he's always rhapsodizing about how many seconds he can do a quarter mile in in his 427 Cobra, or how it has a weight distribution of 48/52, etc. Anyway, this is where I come in. I'm to drive this Camaro out in front of



*"And now I suppose we can expect
Princess Grace to drop by and thank you personally."*

Camera 3 when I get the wave from the director, and Sol is then going to talk about how it's got 350 cubes with 295 horses, and classify it as to cornering, handling, acceleration, and political philosophy. There's a whole panzer division of vehicles in the studio. Barracudas, Sting Rays, Furies, Invictas, Tempests, Porsches, dune buggies, and bikes—Hondas, Yamahas, Kawasakis. I've only worked a stick shift a few times, so I got a quick checkout from this asst.-prod. before we went on. When I got the high sign, I pushed the tach up to 5500, so I could lay a little rubber. That wasn't in the script, but I like to flesh out my parts. Anyway, when I popped the clutch, it turns out this monster was in reverse instead of low, and I went like a bomb through the studio wall behind me, continuing on a collision course with a desk where some bush-league Brinkley was warming up for his news show. (This should settle that old argument as to whether TV reports news or makes news.) Meanwhile, some other poor schlepp, who was revving up a trail bike off-camera, got so psyched that he took off into the audience and did a real wipeout in the middle of all the good people in their undertaker chairs. The producer said I'll never work again in this town. *Again?* The next day I felt like I'd

been folded, spindled, and mutilated, but there wasn't any serious damage to my corpus. My paycheck was submitted to arbitration between Channel 12 and SAG prexy Charlton Heston. Both sides agreed to a thirty-day cooling-off period, with a no-wage-escalation rider conforming to anti-inflation guidelines.

THE next day I ran into Roscoe at Schwab's and we went over to the studio for a look. We got a whole bunch of *objets trouvés*, including some pieces of tail-light and backup glass, a windshield, a wind wing, a Camaro ident emblem, two wheel covers, a license plate, a sideview mirror, an MG jacket patch, an Italian driving glove, a St. Christopher medal, two desk drawers, a handlebar, tailpipe, and headlamp from a trail bike, a cycle helmet, a pair of goggles, three busted metal chairs, a comb, and a pack of Kools. Roscoe welded and pasted it all together, enlivened the total statement by spraying it with cans of orange, silver, green, gold, and red vinyl, and came up with a real winging stabile, which he calls "Christmas in the Year of the Peanut Butter Conspiracy." Roscoe presented it to me. He never keeps anything he's finished. His idol is Li Po, who used to write exquisite poems and then sail them down the Yangtze.

I gave it to Bibi for Christmas. She liked it. I mean *really* liked it. The only thing was we had to rip out the doorframe of her pad to deliver it, so now she's sort of living in a breezeway. What I like about Bibi, she knows damn well that an authentic Roscoe Yi in ten years or so is going to be worth conservatively about a nickel, but she loved that piece. Two days later, though, I came by her place and it was gone. The fuzzies had called and expropriated it. They said it was needed for evidence by the insurance company in the Case of the Great Studio Deconstruction. Fourteen of the women in the audience claimed they got a backlash from being struck by the party of the second part on that cycle. (Six of them were at home at the time.) I also have to appear in Superior Court Room 27 to give evidence, for which there is no pay in this best of all possible worlds.

Christmas Eve I went down to Hollywood Ranch Market and lifted two Swanson's chicken TV dinners ("Trust Swanson" is their slogan) and a bottle of Thunderbird, which Bibi and I made do for a bird and a bottle. It tasted good, and what's more I don't ever intend to pay them back, no matter how big I make it.

Sentiments distingués,

RACE
—F. P. TULLIUS

DURING THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

Walking by strange windows in the new-fallen snow, the streets dark, brisk cold rising from the mouth, and peering deeply in those curious hearts of light where the small figures move from couch to tree to mantel, or sit—shy columns of smoke rising— or stand arrested, speaking into the soundless dark . . . you could cup them in your hands and watch there all night, long after the lights went out and the angel passed by, riding on his lean, terrible horse.

—PAUL PETRIE

TALL BOY

THIS Sunday had begun well, by not having begun too early. Jasper Jones overslept—or, rather, slept later than usual, for there was nothing to get up for—and so had got for himself an hour's remission from the Sunday sentence. It was after half past ten and he had escaped, for one thing, the clatter of the milk van, a noise which for some reason depressed him. But church bells now began to toll—to him an even more dispiriting sound, though much worse in the evening.

The curtains drawn across the window did not meet. At night, they let a steamy chink of light out onto the darkness, and this morning let a gray strip of daylight in.

Jasper got out of bed and went to this window. It was high up in the house, and a good way down below, in the street, he could see some children playing on the crumbling front steps, and two women, wearing pale, tinselly saris and dark overcoats, hurrying along on the other side of the road.

In this part of London, nationalities clung together—Poles in one street, African Negroes in the next. This road—St. Luke's—was mostly Pakistani. Jasper thought he was the only West Indian all the way along it. *His* people were quite distant—in the streets near the railway bridge, where the markets were, where he had been unable to find a room.

This bed-sitter was his world. There was distinction in having it all to himself. In such a neighborhood, few did. He had never in his life known such isolation. Back in his own country, home had bulged with people—breadwinners or unemployed, children, the elderly helpless; there was never an empty corner or a time of real silence.

White people and colored people now walked in twos and threes along St. Luke's Road to the church on the corner. The peal of bells jangled together, faltered, then faded. Churchgoers stepped up their pace. The one slow bell began, and when that stopped the road was almost empty. For a time, there were only the children below playing some hopping game up and down the steps.

It was a very wide road. Fifty years ago, all those four-storied houses had been lived in by single families, with perhaps a little servant girl sleeping in an attic—in a room on the same floor as Jasper's. The flights of broken front steps led up to porches with scabby pillars and—always—groups of dirty milk

bottles. The sky was no-color above the slate roofs and chimney pots and television aerials, and the street looked no-color, too—the no-color of most of Jasper's Sunday mornings in London. Either the sky pressed down on him, laden with smog or rain or dark, lumbering clouds, or it vanished, it simply wasn't there, was washed away by rain or driven somewhere else by the wind.

He was bored with the street, and began to get dressed. He went down several times to the lavatory on the half landing, but each time the door was bolted. He set about shaving—trimming his mustache neatly in a straight line well above his full, up-tilted lip. He washed a pair of socks and some handkerchiefs. When he had dusted the window, he spread the wet handkerchiefs, stretched and smoothed, against the pane to dry, having no iron. Then—in between times he was trying the lavatory door without luck—he fried a slice of bread in a little black pan over the gas ring and, when it was done, walked about the room eating it, sometimes rubbing the tips of his

greasy fingers in his frizzy hair, which was as harsh as steel wool.

He was a tall, slender young man, and his eyes had always looked mournful, even when he was happier, though hungry, at home in his own country. Tomorrow he would be twenty-six. He remained, so far, solitary, worked hard, and grieved hard over his mistakes. He saved, and sent money back home to Mam. Poverty from the earliest days—which makes some spry and crafty—had left him diffident and childlike.

At last—having found the lavatory door open—he set out for his usual Sunday-morning walk. People were coming out of St. Luke's, standing in knots by the porch, waiting their turn to shake hands with the vicar. Their clothes—especially the women's—were dauntingly respectable. One Sunday, Jasper had, rather fearfully, gone to the service, but the smell of damp stone, the mumbled, hurried prayers, the unrhythmical rush and gabble of psalms dismayed him. He had decided that this sense of alienation was one he could avoid.

Pubs had just opened, and he went into one—the Victoria & Albert—and



"Well, what are you stalling for? Inform me of my rights!"

ordered a glass of beer. This he did for passing time and not for enjoyment. Sweet, thick drinks were too expensive, and this warmish, wry-tasting one, for which he tried to acquire a liking, was all he could afford. It made him wonder about Londoners, though, as that church service had. There seemed to be inherent in them a wish for self-punishment he could not understand—a grayness of soul and taste, to match the climate. Perhaps in total depression there was safety. His own depression—of fits and starts—held danger in it, he guessed.

The barman went round the tables collecting glasses, carrying away five in each hand, fingers hooked into them. The pub was filling up. As soon as the door swung to, it was pushed open again. After a time, people coming in had rain on their shoulders, and wiped it from their faces. The sight of this was a small calamity to Jasper, who had planned to spend at least half an hour queasily sipping his beer. Now he would have to drain his glass quickly and go, because of his shoes and the need to have them dry for the morning, and his suit.

The rain brushed the streets, swept along by the wind. He changed into a run, shoulders high and his head held back to stop the rain running down his spine, so that it spurted instead from his eyelids and his mustache. His arms going like pistons, his knees lifted high, he loped slowly, easily. In one way, he loved and welcomed the rain, for giving him the chance to run. He always wanted to run, but people stared when he did so, unless he was running for a bus. Running for running's sake was an oddity. He was worried only about his suit and shoes, and the shoes were already soaked, and there was a soapy squelch in his socks.

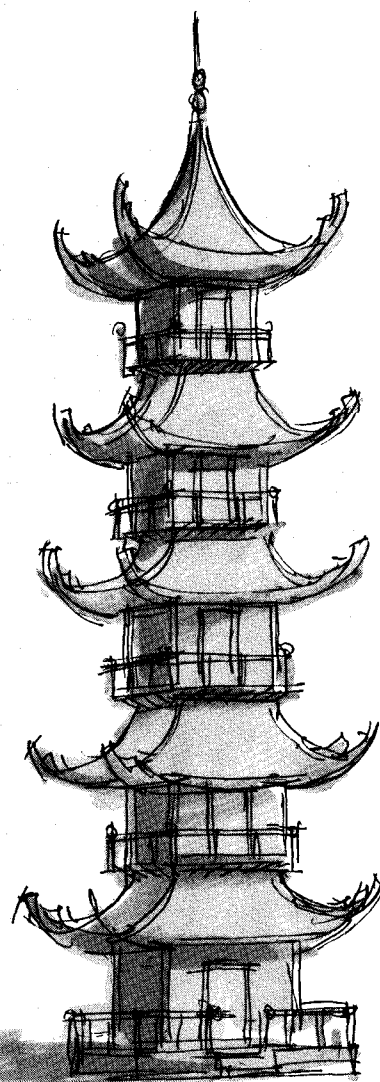
He reached home, panting and elated, and sprang lightly up the three flights of stairs. When he had hung up his damp suit and put on his working overalls, stuffed his wet shoes with newspaper and set them to dry, soles facing the gas ring, steaming faintly, he began to mix up his dinner. Two rashers of bacon went into the frying pan; then he took a handful or two of flour and rubbed in some dripping. He shaped the dough carefully into balls with his long, pale-palmed hands and put them into the bacon fat. They were as near as he could get to his mother's fried dumplings. Perhaps, just at this moment, she would be making them at home—dumplings and sweet-potato pudding. He imagined home's having the same time as Eng-

land. He would have felt quite lost to his loved ones if when he woke in the night he could not be sure that they were lying in darkness, too; and, when his own London morning came theirs also came, the sun streamed through the cracks of their hut in shantytown, and the little girls began to chirp and skip about. He could see them clearly now, as he knelt by the gas ring—their large, rolling eyes, their close-cropped, frizzy hair. Most of the time, they had bare patches on their scalps from sores they would not leave alone, those busy fingers scratching, slapped down by Mam. They all had names of jewels, or semiprecious stones—Opal, Crystal, and Sapphyra, his little sisters. He smiled, and gently shook his head, as he turned the dumplings with a fork.

All the afternoon, the rain flew in gusts against the window. If he could not go out and walk about the streets, there was nothing to do. He took the chair to the window and looked through the blurred pane at the street below; but there was no life down there—only an occasional umbrella bobbing along, or a car swishing by slowly, throwing up puddle water with a melancholy sound.

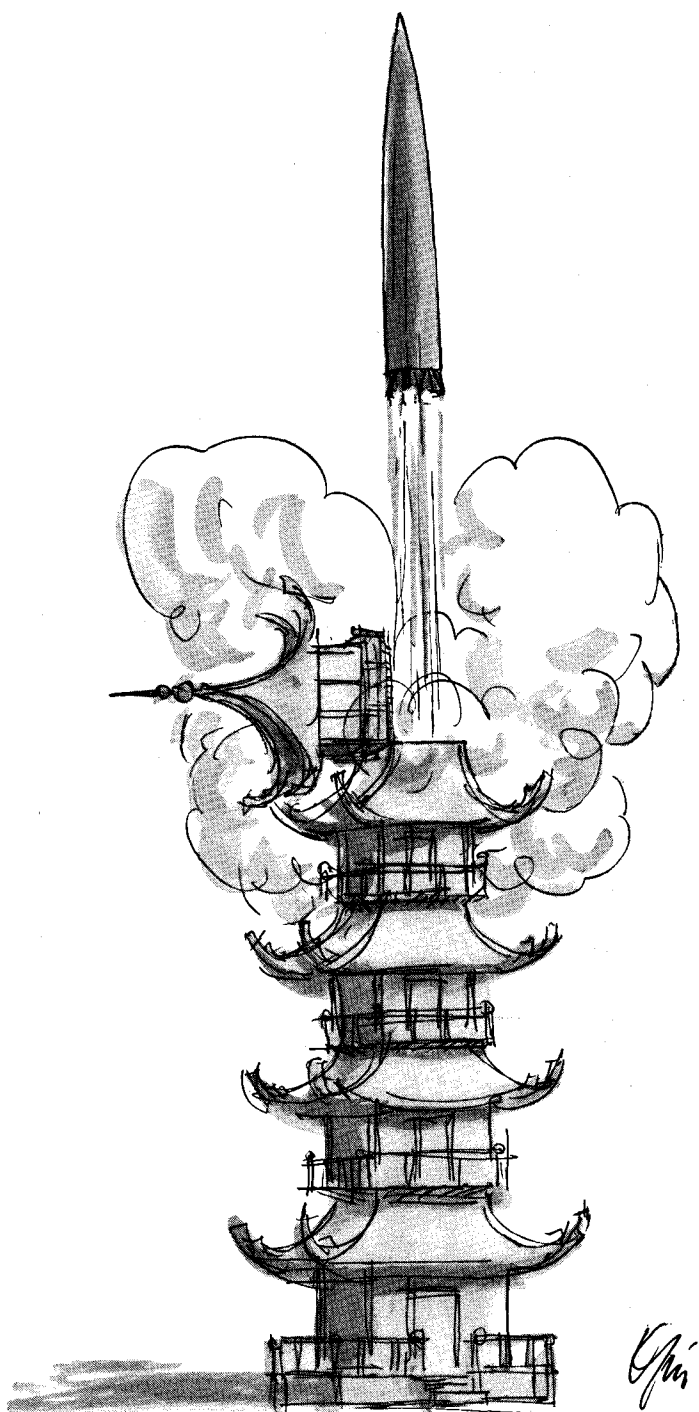
The launderette round the corner was open on Sunday afternoons and evenings, and sometimes he took his dirty shirts and overalls and sat there before the washing machine, waiting, his hands hanging loose between his knees, and the greenish fluorescent light raining down on him. He might make a dash for it, if the rain eased up a little. His heart began to ache for the bright launderette, as if for a dear dream.

Halfway through the afternoon, he quite suddenly experienced utter desolation. He knew the signs of its coming, and he closed his eyes and sat warily



still, feeling silence freezing in his eardrums. Then he got up quietly and began to pad up and down the room; stopping at the far wall from the window, he leaned against the wall and rhythmically banged his forehead against it, his eyes shut tight again, his lips parted. Very soon, a sharp rapping came back from the other side—his only human recognition of the day. He reeled away from the wall and sat on the edge of the bed, sighing dramatically, for something to do.

What light there had been during the day seemed to be diminishing. Time was going. Sunday was going. He lay on his back on the bed, while the room darkened, and he counted his blessings—all off by heart; he knew them well. There was nothing wrong. He



was employed. He had a room, and a good suit, and his shoes would soon be dry. There was money going back home to Mam. No one here in England called him Nigger, or put up their fists to him. That morning, he had sat there in the pub without trouble. There *was* no trouble. Once, at work, they had all laughed at him when he was singing "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" as he loaded a van; but it was good-humored laughter. Tall Boy, they called him; but they had nicknames for some of the others, too—Dusty and Tiny and Buster.

Jasper thought about each of them in turn, trying to picture their Sundays from Monday-morning chat that he always listened to carefully. The single ones tinkered with their motorbikes,

then went out on them, dressed in black mock leather, with a white-helmeted girl on the pillion. The married ones mended things, and put up shelves; they "went over to Mother's to tea," and looked at the telly as soon as the religious programs were over. Dusty had even built a greenhouse in his back garden, and grew chrysanthemums. But, whatever they did, all were sorry when Monday morning came. They had not longed for it since Friday night, as Jasper had.

The rain fell into the dark street. Whether it eased up or not, he had to catch the last post. He fetched pen and ink and the birthday card for himself that he had chosen with great care, gravely conscious of the rightness of receiving one. He dipped the pen in the

ink, then sat back, wondering what to write. He would have liked to sign it "From a well-wisher," as if it were to come out of the blue; but this seemed insincere, and he prized sincerity. After a while, he simply wrote, "With Greetings from Mr. Jasper Jones," stamped the envelope, and went again to the window to look at his Sunday enemy, the rain.

In the end, he had to make a dash for it, splashing up rain from the wet pavements as he ran with long, loose strides through the almost deserted streets.

HE thought Monday-morning tea-break talk the best of the week. He could not sincerely grouse with the others about beginning work again, so he listened happily to all they had to say. This had a comforting familiarity, like his dreams of home—the game of darts, the fish-and-chips, Saturday night at White City, and Sunday night at the Palladium on telly while the children slapdashed through the last of their homework; beef was roasted, a kitchen chair repainted and a fuse mended, mother-in-law was visited; someone had touched a hundred on the motorway, and was ticked off by his elders and betters; there had been a punchup outside the Odeon, but few sexual escapades this week—as far as the young ones were concerned—because of the weather.

"What about you, Tall Boy?" Dusty asked.

Jasper smiled and shrugged. "Well, I just had a quiet time," he said.

The birthday card had not arrived that morning. At first, he had been disappointed, for the lack of it made his birthday seem not to have happened, but now he had begun to look forward to finding it there when he got home from work. He kept fingering the knot of his tie and opening the collar of his overalls more.

"Hey, Tall Boy, what the devil you got there?" Buster came over, stared at Jasper's tie, then appeared to be blinded by it, reeling away theatrically, saying "Strewth!", his hands over his eyes.

Some of the others joined in in a wonderful, warm sort of abuse—just how they talked to one another, and which made Jasper so happy, grinning, putting up his fists at them, dancing up and down on his toes like a boxer.

"No, come off it, mate," Dusty said, recovering a little. "You can't wear that."

"It's hand-painted," said Jasper. "I got it for my birthday."

"So it's his birthday," Dusty said,



"Roger, watch 1967! I've decided to rediscover myself!"

Opal, Crystal, and Sapphyra. They were grinning straight at him, and Sapphyra's middle top teeth were missing. She looked quite different, he thought for a moment; then decided no, she was the same—the lovely same. He stared at the photograph for a long time, then got up with a jerk and put it on the shelf by his bed, propped against the alarm clock, and his birthday card beside it.

He went to the window and pushed down the sash and leaned out, his elbows resting on the frame. The noise of children playing came up. He had a peaceful feeling, listening to the street sounds, looking at a golden, dying light on the rooftops across the road.

He stayed there until the gold went out of the light, and he felt suddenly hungry. Then he shut the window, unhooked the frying pan, and took an opener to a tin of beans. He smiled as he edged the opener round the rim. They liked the cakes, he kept on thinking. The cakes he'd bought for tea.

He squatted by the gas ring, turning the beans about in the pan, humming to himself. He was glad he'd bought the tie—otherwise they'd never have known, and he could never have treated them. The tie had been a good idea. He might give it another airing, this nice, dry evening—stroll among the crowds outside the Odeon and the bowling alley.

He ate the beans out of the pan, spooning them up contentedly as he sat on the bed, staring at Opal and Crystal and Sapphyra, who grinned cheekily back at him, sitting in a neat row, their bare feet stuck out in front of them, out of focus, and sharp black shadows falling on their white dresses.

—ELIZABETH TAYLOR

The story is narrated by Nikeratos, an Athenian actor who becomes a famous tragedian, playing the major roles in the great dramas of Euripides, Aischylos (Miss Renault's spelling) and others throughout Grece and its dominions.

—Eliot Fremont-Smith in the Times.

Your spelling?

turning to the others. He advanced slowly, menacingly toward Jasper, stuck out his finger, and prodded his tie. "You know what that means, don't you?"

To prolong the delight of being in the middle of it all, Jasper pretended that he did not.

"It means," said Dusty slowly, knocking his fist against Jasper's chest, "it means, Tall Boy, you got to buy the cakes for tea."

"Yeah, that's right," said Buster. "You buy the cakes."

"I know, I know," said Jasper in his singsong voice. He threw back his head and gave his high, bubbling laugh and jingled coins in both his pockets.

THE weather had brightened and, as Jasper walked home from work, groups of women were sitting out on the steps of houses, waiting for their husbands to come home, shouting warnings to their children playing on the pavements.

Traffic at this hour was heavy and the streets were crowded, as London was emptying out its workers—thousands of arteries drawing them away, farther and farther from the heart of the city, out to the edges of the countryside.

At the flat, his birthday card was waiting for him, and there was a miracle there, too; something he hardly dared to pick up—one of the rare letters from home, come on the right day. He sat down on the edge of the bed and opened it. Mam could never write much. It was a great labor and impatience to her to put pen to paper, and there was only a line or two to say the money had arrived safely and all were well. She did not mention his birthday. When she was writing, it must have been far ahead, and out of mind.

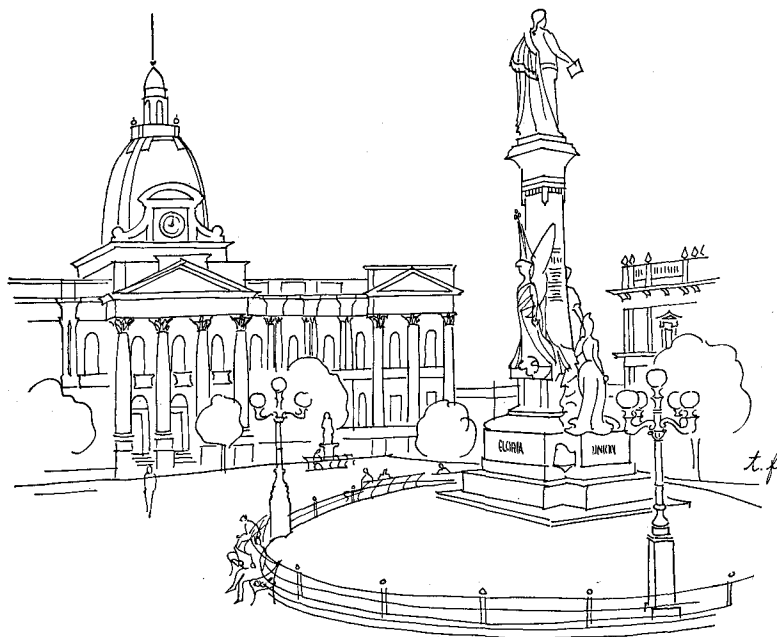
The letter was folded round a photograph. Who had taken it, he could not imagine; but there were the three little girls, his sisters, sitting on the steps of the wooden house—

LETTER FROM LA PAZ

LA PAZ is the world's highest capital and, in a sense, its lowest, too. It lies in a remote, Lost World canyon of the Andes, and from it Bolivia's officials cannot look out over the land they seek to rule. They must instead look up at the canyon's rim, which by day is defined sharply, in the mountain air, against a blue sky. Except during the brief rainy season, this rim, thirteen thousand feet above sea level, and the steeps below it are tawny, and they are

deeply eroded in the dry-climate, lunar fashion of our Western badlands; one can imagine La Paz, indeed, as an extra-large badland hideout in a Western movie. The canyon's topmost slopes, beneath the rim itself, are mainly without habitation; they are too steep to live on, and too subject to landslides, especially in the rainy season. But as the eye descends, one begins to see native adobe huts; at first they are scattered, and then, farther down, they become a solid mass. Most are the natural color of dry mud, suggesting wasp colonies stuck to the canyon walls, but some are gaily painted; violet seems to be a favored color, and it leaps out pleasantly from the general dun. The slopes descend, gathering adobe structures, until they level off and join, some fifteen hundred feet below the canyon's rim, to form a sloping floor, where nestles the Centro—the rather primitive downtown section, with its hotels, shops, and government bureaus. The Centro has a few high-rise concrete buildings of ten stories or so, but these are merely a garnish for the surrounding adobe city; ninety-nine per cent of it is mud brick still, though at this more urban level the architecture is generally Europeanized with stucco false fronts. From my hotel on the Prado—the main promenade of La Paz—I can look out at Renaissance façades with pilasters, at Victorian Gothic ones with iron gingerbread, and at “modern” ones with uncompromising plane surfaces. They make for a cosmopolitan street scene, but if you scratched them you would find adobe underneath. Adobe is the body, if not the soul, of Bolivia's capital, and the foreign covering on it is insubstantial.

The Centro is not the end of the canyon's descent; after a pause, the



terrain follows a riverbed downward, dropping another thousand feet to the gentler landscape of suburbs a mere two miles above sea level, where the more privileged officials, businessmen, and foreign diplomats live. In other hilly cities, the rich are apt to live on the heights—on Nob Hill in San Francisco, say, or on Victoria Peak in Hong Kong—but here the cone is inverted. The rich are at the bottom and the poor at the top—closer to Heaven, no doubt, but also closer to the chill and airlessness of outer space. They are closer, too, to the Indian villages of the Altiplano—the high Bolivian plateau—from which they come. Indian life on the Altiplano, up above the city, stretching away from the rim of the canyon, is in flux now, undergoing what nearly everyone calls a revolution. Until the mid-twentieth century, many of the Altiplano Indians were held to the soil in literal serfdom. In 1952, by a bold and revolutionary stroke, they were legally freed, and since then they have been stirring, breaking out of their old stagnation, and part of their movement has been a flow to La Paz, down over the rim of the canyon and down through the adobes into the city.

A hint of the Indians' old relationship with their capital is given in the following paragraph by the American anthropologist William E. Carter, who lists, in his monograph, “Aymara Communities and the Bolivian Agrarian Reform,” certain tribute duties exacted of serfs under the old Bolivian hacienda system:

A...common tribute post was that of *pongo sabadero*, or *aljiri*. His task was to transport hacienda products into the estate owner's town house. His selection was made according to the alphabetical list [of

hacienda Indians].... Usually the *pongo sabadero* would leave his hacienda on a Friday in order to arrive in La Paz the following day. He stayed there until Monday of the following week—nine days in all. Before leaving his hacienda, he had to gather eggs (200 to 300 for the small hacienda of Rosapata), purchasing them from his fellow peasants with money received from the estate manager. He also had to take *tunta* [dehydrated potatoes], potatoes, cheese, *chuño* [another kind of dehydrated potatoes], fresh mutton, and other local products. From a small estate like Rosapata, he would usually travel

with at least two loaded donkeys. Having arrived in La Paz, he had to help in the landlord's house, washing dishes, peeling potatoes, and taking a hot lunch to the landlord's office at midday. Other odd jobs included gardening, sweeping, and in fact anything that needed to be done around the town house. For recompense he received usufruct of his house plot and farm lands [back at the hacienda], plus exemption from other tribute labor during his service. While working as *sabadero*, however, he had to provide his own bed and board.

Nothing like this occurs today. The Indians—now universally called *campesinos*, or peasants, which is thought more respectful than *Indios*—come into La Paz of their own free will. They pour in by the truckload, bearing eggs and potatoes for their own use or for sale. They lodge in the adobes on the slopes; if they want to stay, they may even build new adobes there, with their own hands, in the pre-Columbian manner—often on plots so steep that the authorities have declared the buildings illegal because they are too dangerous. From there the *campesinos* filter down into the city, seeking jobs as unskilled laborers. In time, if they make a go of it, they tend to become *cholos*, or cultural *mestizos*—to be integrated into urban life. Meanwhile, quite apart from their drift to the city, the *campesinos* have become a political factor. The 1952 revolution gave them suffrage as well as land; from being totally disenfranchised they suddenly came to be two-thirds of the electorate, and, as such, a force to be reckoned with.

EVER since Bolivia won its independence, in the early nineteenth century, it has been treacherous to govern. Its terrain is wildly varied, and its regions are fragmented. Most parts of



"Can't you stand up straight?"

other is Aymara), having learned it in the pleasant Cochabamba Valley, a hundred and fifty miles southeast of here, where he grew up. He is an able pilot, and before the election he barnstormed indefatigably among the *campesinos*, listening to their complaints, promising them favors, and generally showing himself to be at home in their company—breaking through the barrier of their illiteracy by personal contact. At the same time, he worked at lining up the *campesino* bosses, and by these means—plus the obvious support he enjoyed from the Army and the government—he won a big vote in the rural areas. His opponents charge, with some justice, that the election was a fraud, but still it seemed to show a general acceptance of Barrientos by the *campesinos*.

it—including high, chilly La Paz itself—are pervaded by a hard-bitten frontier atmosphere. Mining is important in its life, and this has encouraged a rash, venturesome streak in its people. (It has also made dynamite readily available, in some places, to mobs.) These conditions, combined with the political instability so common in Hispanic culture, have led to violent ways of doing things. Bolivia has been holding Presidential elections for a long time now, but actual changes of power are still often managed by *coups d'état* and street fighting; the last such change occurred in November, 1964, and it left the University of La Paz, which is just down the canyon from my hotel, well pocked with holes from machine-gun bullets. The ruling of Bolivia has always been somewhat like broncobusting, and now *campesino* politics have been added to the problem. The *campesino* movement has a violence of its own, usually expressed in the jealous defense of new rights; it has unpredictability, born of the fact that nearly all the *campesinos* are illiterate; and it has a well-developed boss rule, born of the same thing, that some observers liken to our bossism of the Tammany era. Leading the *campesino* movement has come to be an art, demanding much study by Bolivia's top politicians, who almost to a man are still *blancos*—that is, whites, non-Indians. And it looks as if the art had come to stay—as if the *campesino* revolution were irreversible.

Bolivia's two best-known contemporary leaders—Víctor Paz Estenssoro, the author of the 1952 revolution, who is now an exile in Lima, and René

Barrientos Ortuño, an Air Force general who, with a group of fellow-officers, helped overthrow Paz in 1964 and who was elected last July, with no real opposition, to a full term as President after serving as Co-President with another officer—have shown themselves masters of *campesino* politics, though in different ways. Paz is a thinker, a planner, a great hand with programs and propaganda, whereas Barrientos is a hunch-player, intuitive rather than intellectual, who scorns programs and depends almost wholly on his personal appeal. Many Bolivians say that the *campesinos* still worship Paz, as their Abraham Lincoln, and would rise up to support him, however suicidally, if he came back into the country. But he is apparently not coming back, so the initiative is with Barrientos, for however long he lasts; some observers here—especially intellectuals—say that he is bound to make blunders soon and be brought down by a coup, but one wonders if intellectuals really understand Barrientos' strength. He may conceivably mold his illiterate support into a machine that will last for decades. In his campaigning this year—which he undertook vigorously after his fellow-officers demanded at least the semblance of a democratic election—he was careful, while denigrating the absent Paz, to assure the *campesinos* that the gains Paz had won for them would be safe in his hands. Though in looks Barrientos is a thorough *blanco*—with pink cheeks, light hair and eyes, and European features—he is fluent in Quechua, one of the two main Bolivian Indian languages (the

I accompanied Barrientos and his retinue on a couple of his barnstorming trips aboard a Bolivian Air Force DC-3 in late 1965, when he was serving as Co-President. (Last January, after he resigned his Co-Presidency in order to run as a private citizen, he took to flying a small helicopter.) Barrientos received flight training at United States airfields, and in looks and manner he suggests a run-of-the-mill United States Air Force pilot—trim and alert, and usually wearing a rather lived-in-looking cap pushed back jauntily on his head. His flying is of the no-nonsense sort that inspires confidence. At the time I flew with him, he was spending all his weekends on these trips, and he gave the impression that he very much enjoyed getting away from his desk. He was being criticized for this in the Bolivian press, which remained uncensored (although obviously subject to governmental pressures); one reporter had figured that, in a year as Co-President, Barrientos had flown the equivalent of two and a half times around the earth, at a cost to the government of eight hundred thousand dollars. On the other hand, he had been out seeing things—a fact that became clearer and clearer to me during my trips with him and his entourage. On our flights, we soared past snow peaks and dark, rocky mountains, and over deserts, fertile valleys, and green jungles. In the mountains, we might suddenly see a mining town below us, its huts wedged into a valley, with dirt roads leading off to nowhere, and then, just as suddenly, it would be gone. Or we might circle for a time

over a place while Barrientos examined the terrain and the human culture it supported. It occurred to me that he must know Bolivia as well as any man alive; other officials may not see out of the depths of La Paz, but he contrives to. More than most nations, Bolivia is a country of landscapes and of people imprisoned in these landscapes, and Barrientos has been scanning the relationship between the two.

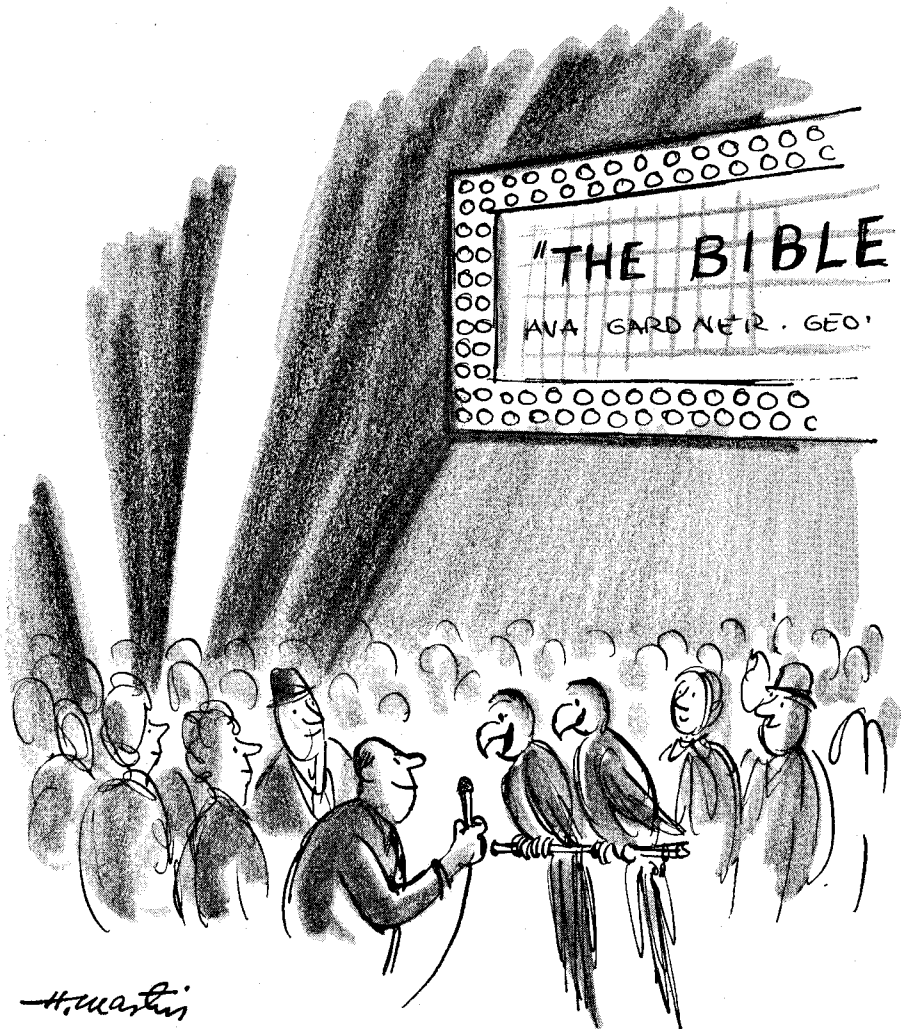
On both trips, we descended a number of times for speechmaking and handshaking; once we came down for a long overland speaking tour. Sometimes Barrientos spoke Quechua and sometimes (in non-Quechua areas) Spanish. Either way, throngs listened to him openmouthed, clearly flattered that he had come to their remote corner, though apparently not much quickened by his oratory. I have heard that Barrientos often gets a lively response to his Quechua speeches, but I didn't observe this, and the parts of his Spanish oratory that I, with a limited knowledge of Spanish, was able to grasp seemed remarkably platitudinous and bare of content. (This impression was confirmed when I read some of his other speeches in the press.) He is in no way a theorizer, a verbalizer, a conceptualizer. He is a man of action, and he puts himself over by means of social gestures and gregariousness. On my travels with him, I met a learned old metallurgist in a distant town who was just opening a small foundry there; he said his plant was of great value to the Bolivian economy but would never have been built without government intervention at Barrientos' behest. On an earlier flying visit, Barrientos had heard the old man's story, and later he had sent government engineers to go into the matter thoroughly and arrange help if it seemed justified. Other such transactions were in process, I gathered as Barrientos visited schools, factories, hospitals, and other deserving institutions and talked with those in charge. And he was tireless at it. After one hard day of barnstorming, and an evening of the same, I reeled off to my bed at midnight, and left Barrientos waltzing in a ballroom, with the prettiest girl there; I learned the next day that he had danced for two or three hours longer. Yet at seven in the morning he was at breakfast, blithely looking forward to another long, hard day.

Barrientos has physical and moral courage, as he has proved by his political gambling, by daredevilry in things like parachute-jumping, and by the debonair indifference he has shown to some well-

publicized attempts on his life. (At least one, it must be said, sounds rather fishy.) He is notably *macho*, or virile—a quality that some experts claim is an all-important one for Latin-American political leaders to possess. His *machismo* has been evidenced in romantic exploits, among other things, and some Bolivian gossips liken him to Mariano Melgarejo, a nineteenth-century Bolivian dictator, who also came from Tarata, Barrientos' home town in the Cochabamba Valley. Melgarejo drank and wenched prodigiously, misruled the country fantastically, and showed a remarkable ignorance of world affairs. (When the Franco-Prussian War broke out, he started marching his troops to the relief of France, unmindful that impassable jungles and an impassable ocean lay in the way.) Yet, for all his faults, he is sneakily admired by many Bolivians because of his dash and daring, and these are qualities they see in Barrientos, too. It is perhaps unfair to call Barrientos a Melgarejo, yet conceivably he *may* go on to become an entrenched demagogue. He may be ousted, of course, as his enemies predict, or he may end by doing something really

good for the country. At any rate, in his months of campaigning, Barrientos stuck to generalities, revealing almost no logically thought-out plan for governing. Now that he has embarked on his administration, his actions will necessarily speak for him.

MEANWHILE, the Bolivian left-of-center, though in eclipse, is very much alive, and Paz, a figure very different from Barrientos, sits in Lima. Paz is one of the celebrated Latin-American reformers of the mid-twentieth century, in a class historically with Rómulo Betancourt of Venezuela and Luis Muñoz Marín of Puerto Rico. His 1952 revolution was hailed as the greatest breakthrough in Latin-American politics since the Mexican revolution of four decades earlier. Other Bolivian leaders have claimed credit for the events of 1952—saying that they had long advocated land reform, for instance—but Paz was the man who brought it off, or, rather, Paz's M.N.R. (Movimiento Nacionalista Revolucionario) was the party that brought it off. The M.N.R., a New Dealish conglomeration of reformers and reform



"We all found John Huston a marvellous director and a real sweetheart of a guy to work for."

THE LADY IN THE BARBERSHOP

Finally, among the bottles shining,
The manicurist makes a fine thing
Of her hair—black satin horse's tail
Insatiably growing from her frail
Oriental skull—she braids a coronet
Out of the dark wave. The muse of wet
Wavering lines tightly wound to a net

Of form makes measures men must forget
Because so soon changed, not out of regret,
Or rearing back, or forgetfulness,
But for simple delight black tress on tress
Can be changed. This garden of herself
Spread on her bed at night is her pelf
And her dream, and is a dream itself:

Sargasso where a lingering sea-sylph
Floats downward with seaweed into a gulf
Of great naked rock that is safe and alone
Shining there like some lesser moon.
She makes her appeal to the starlit hours
That draw the tides of this dream: "O Powers
Of night, when I wake and the flowers

Of my hair, seen here, where baldness glowers,
Neither sun nor moon, but the thing that sours
Men and is unknown—let it be seen
On their heads' deracinated heaven,
And let it be my hair that is given,
And my head riven. The world is bald,
Not just they, yet they need to be told."

But the flaming swords of Times Square
Break with the morning on her black hair,
And her mirror is a wilderness of fires
Unsought, like inconsequent desires
Of men. Who has followed her home or has
Gloried in watching her aqueous
Mild glittering among bottles and mirrors

Is on her mind then. How sad the scars
On the head that thinks, "It was, it was!"
The no-faced moon near each cuticle
She will cut in the day is strange, is cruel
As unknown pale privacy
Of stones in a cemetery
And forgotten as they. But "To be, to be"

Each dying filigree seems to sigh,
And as it falls she thinks, "It must hate me."
What to make of this hell where men are wise
That the world falling past their eyes
Will not come again, yet is owned by her?
Ah, all her bright imaginings blur
When she looks in the mirror and sees her hair.

Who can think of justice when it is clear
Celebration is the only thing one can bear?
She sweeps herself up into the line
Of darkness that is her discipline.

—RAPHAEL RUDNIK

movements, arose, under the leadership of Paz, in the thirties and forties. In the latter decade, it got a foothold in national politics, and Paz was made Minister of Finance in a coalition government led by President Gualberto Villarroel. In 1946, a mob killed Villarroel and hung his body from a La Paz lamppost. (A plaque now marks the event.) Paz went into exile, and he and his party applied themselves to promoting subversion—including an unsuccessful armed revolt in 1949—from outside the country. Typically, the top leaders of the Party were in exile or in hiding when the M.N.R. came to power in 1952. Typically, also, it came to power by violence, having been frustrated at the polls. National elections were held in 1951, and the semi-absent M.N.R. won a plurality, but the forces then in control, led by the Army, refused to let its candidates take office. So in 1952 the M.N.R. touched off a new armed revolt, among miners and others, and the government fell. The risings were led not by Paz directly but by two colleagues who had returned secretly to the country: Hernán Siles Zuazo, who served as President of Bolivia from 1956 to 1960, between two Paz terms, and Juan Lechín Oquendo, a mine-union chief,

who was likewise to be influential in the M.N.R. regime. Paz waited the risings out in exile in Buenos Aires, then flew back here to take over.

Today, Paz is in exile again, though in a different neighboring capital. He has said he chose Lima this time because it is the transportation hub of the region, while Buenos Aires is the end of the line. (Air travel, which is especially important in modern Latin-American *sub-rosa* communications, is heavy between Lima and La Paz.) Lima is also a big, cosmopolitan seaport, offering amenities to soften the life of exile into which Latin-American statesmen are so frequently forced. Most of the main Latin-American cities, not to mention New York and Miami, have their exile

residents, living quietly in civilized surroundings and enjoying the company—and perhaps the financial support as well—of other exiles or of like-minded local men. In Lima, one hears, Paz sees much of the intellectuals in the left-of-center Peruvian parties called A.P.R.A.—Alianza Popular Revolucionaria Americana—and Acción Popular, especially those intellectuals who are interested in Latin-American economic development, a subject on which he is an authority. (He recently took up a professorship in the subject at a Lima university.) He is rumored to receive support from left-of-center leaders in other American countries, but then in La Paz he is rumored to have got away with a sum of Bolivian money. Neither story can be readily checked, and meanwhile one can say only that in Lima he lives modestly. He has a seaside villa in the middle-class suburb of Miraflores, where I have called on him twice in the course of trips between here and the States. He keeps neither a car nor servants, though the latter are customary in the households of even slightly well-to-do South Americans. His pretty young wife (she is his second) herself cares for their children—three little daughters—sometimes taking them on outings by bus. Paz



walks on the beach, receives visitors (in the late afternoons), and writes a lot (in the mornings), including polemics against his successors. He is a slight, brown-eyed, graying man, approaching sixty, of obviously concentrated intelligence and strong temperament. He is receptive to North American visitors professing a real interest in Bolivia, though his English gives him trouble; he was Bolivian Ambassador to London from 1957 to 1959, and must have spoken it fluently then, but now it is failing him somewhat, and he gropes for words or shifts into Spanish. His villa is watched by a few Peruvian police, which means that his visitors are also watched, but the police guard (which follows him when he leaves home) is probably needed for his safety. Late last year, a young man, presumably a Bolivian, attacked him in the Lima airport with kicks, a popular Bolivian mode of aggression. Paz has many Bolivian enemies, most of them deriving from the privileged classes that were dispossessed in 1952 but some from disgruntled elements of the M.N.R., which became badly fragmented toward the end of its sway. The enemies are to be found both in Bolivia and in exile, and no one can tell how far, in the fervor of Bolivian politics, some of these enemies might go.

In Lima, Paz reputedly spends much time on Party affairs, corresponding with exiles in other countries and, covertly, with associates in Bolivia. Almost certainly, the latter effort is helped by the sievelike nature of Bolivia's security arrangements; Bolivia being a huge, wild, underpopulated country with inadequate numbers of police, it is a smugglers' paradise, among other things, and one gathers that people and documents flow into it easily without official knowledge. Paz and his associates have exploited this situation in the past, and one can be sure that they are doing it again.

The M.N.R.'s fragmentation was one of the main reasons for its fall and is a great source of weakness in it now. When the M.N.R. was in power, Paz blamed this fragmentation on the lack of a strong opposition and on the fact that he and the rest of the leadership concentrated on Bolivia's economic development to the detriment of party affairs. He might have added that in



"Believe me, it's no bed of roses knowing that nearly every nincompoop in this damn place is afraid of you."

Bolivia, a poor country, politicians on the winning side demand a share of the spoils, and toward the end of his rule there were no longer spoils enough to go around. The M.N.R. was an essentially loose assemblage of right, center, and left, and at the end both right and left turned against Paz; it was they who overthrew him, in co-operation with the Army and with counter-revolutionary forces, which had been biding their time since 1952. Today, some parts of the old M.N.R. right are with Barrientos, and some ran in last July's election as a splinter group. As for the old M.N.R. left, most of it was led off in the early sixties by Juan Lechín to form a new party, the P.R.I.N. (Partido Revolucionario de Izquierda Nacionalista, or Revolutionary Party of the National Left), which boycotted the July elections, on the ground that they were fraudulently conducted.

The P.R.I.N. has recently got on more friendly terms with the M.N.R., partly as a result of a series of talks between Paz and Lechín last spring in Lima. The P.R.I.N., the M.N.R., and other left and center groups (excluding the Bolivian Communists, who are also badly fragmented) may soon be collaborating both overtly and covertly, in a repetition of the tactics used in 1952—except that the leaders are fifteen years older now and in those

fifteen years have done things to each other that cannot readily be forgotten. Last spring, Juan Lechín and Hernán Siles both came back to Bolivia from exile (in Paraguay and Uruguay, respectively) to prepare for the July elections—which Siles and his group, like Lechín's, ultimately boycotted. Both took up *sub-rosa* political work, as they had done in 1952. At this writing, Lechín is still in La Paz, more or less in hiding, and Siles is back in Uruguay. I have talked with them both—with Siles one morning at the suburban home where he was living, and with Lechín one evening at the home of a friend. Both are stimulating talkers. Siles, who is slight and has a dark mustache, is a cultivated professional man; as President, he followed relatively conservative policies, especially in finance, and firmly curbed a severe inflation. Lechín is more of a working-class type, and much more Marxist in what he says, but also charming, with a strong, athletic physique, flashing dark eyes, and gray hair brushed back in a pompadour. Both told me they were working, underground, to rally the miners and kindred elements, and both were undoubtedly exerting influence, but both are well into their fifties now. Because of things that happened in 1964, Siles is not on speaking terms with Paz, though he coöperates with him politically. When one talks with Siles or Lechín, or with

Paz himself, one feels that the M.N.R. desperately needs young leaders—ambitious men without the scars of old dissensions. Paz and Siles insist that such younger leaders exist, and perhaps they will come forward soon. If so, they can expect the support of a real left, with strong traditions and proved techniques for evading suppression. What they may do with such support depends a good deal on Barrientos. If Barrientos makes mistakes, the opposition will be ready to exploit them.

WHATEVER occurs politically, the tragedy of the Bolivian mines comes into it. The Andes, like so many

high mountains, are peppered with rich ores, and even in pre-Columbian days the Indians mined them, if superficially. Later, the conquistadors went after them in earnest. By the mid-sixteenth century, Spaniards were exploiting a “silver mountain” at Potosí, in the heights of what is now southern Bolivia. Potosí was perhaps the greatest boom town ever; for some time it was the richest and most populous community in the whole New World. Its mines were worked by conscripted Indians—regarded as less than human by the conquistadors—under conditions that set a gruesome precedent. Hordes of Indians died in the mines from star-

vation, overwork, and general bad treatment, and their sacrifice did their region little good. Much of Potosí's wealth was spent on boom-town frivolities, and much of the rest of it went overseas, where it helped to build the Spanish Armada, among other things, and to develop European capitalism.

The growth of La Paz was indirectly furthered by Potosí. The Potosí silver was carried north by llama and mule trains to the Peruvian coast, a distance of several hundred miles. A way station was needed, for resting the animals, checking the cargo, and repairing equipment, and at first a point on the Altiplano about twenty miles from here was used for this purpose, but soon the work was moved down into the sheltered canyon; one reads that better forage could be grown for the animals in the depths, and one imagines that the Spaniards were glad to get out of the Altiplano wind. As an added attraction, there was some gold mining near the new site, and also a trail that came up, en route to the Altiplano, from the low jungles to the east. Coca leaves, a drug that the miners chewed to dull their hunger and fatigue, were being carried up this trail, and now La Paz became a junction for the traffic; coca was transhipped here onto llamas returning south on the Potosí run. The canyon had long had an Indian settlement in it, beside the Choqueyapu River, which still rushes or trickles, depending on the season, through the capital. Now a mine transportation center—of great importance, for all its ruggedness—was superimposed on this. The name La Paz had originally been given to the former way station, out on the Altiplano, in 1548, by Pedro de la Gasca, a Spanish cleric and statesman, to celebrate his calming of what amounted to a revolt against the Spanish crown among the conquistadors. La Gasca called the place Nuestra Señora de La Paz—Our Lady of Peace—and, ironically, this name has descended to the





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present stormy capital, along with a shield that depicts a lion and a lamb lying down together.

The centuries passed, and Potosí's silver production fell off, but new mines kept being added in the heights. Indians kept working them and dying while doing it; the numbers of the Altiplano Indians decreased greatly in colonial times. Meanwhile, a permanent community of *criollo* (New World Spanish) mining people was established on the heights—a community without which Bolivia could hardly have become a nation in 1825. The Altiplano was the new country's main *raison d'être*, and without the mines its chilly spaces would have been left almost wholly to the Indians, who didn't care about nationalism of the modern European sort. Thus, Bolivia was born as a mining country.

Bolivia's nineteenth-century capital was not La Paz but Sucre, a charming town, now rather ghostly, down south near Potosí. (In point of fact, the Bolivians have never bothered to pass a law officially changing the seat of government from Sucre to La Paz, but the only governmental body that remains in Sucre is the Supreme Court.) La Paz took the play away from Sucre around the turn of the century, when Bolivian tin mining became important with the rise, elsewhere, of the modern food-packing industry and others that relied heavily on tin. The new tin kings made La Paz, already the gateway to their landlocked country, the center of their management activities, their banking, their railroading, and the national politics they came to control. They confirmed the city in its mining character. La Paz is up near the timberline, within sight of snow peaks. It is a very mineral place, with mines in the mountains south of it, north of it, and round about it. Bolivia's Ministry of Mines, its Mining Bank, and the headquarters of its nationalized mining administration are among the city's main institutions today. The place is full of mining gossip, mining news, and governmental mining confabs. Mines shape its character almost as much as the Altiplano Indians do.

The greatest of the tin kings was Simón Patiño—an outstanding example, even a caricature, of the nineteenth-century capitalist (though he actually flourished, by Bolivian time lag, in the twentieth century, an era for which he named his greatest mine, Siglo Veinte). Patiño was a poor cholo from Cochabamba, and he came up the hard way; for years he stubbornly panned

through the tailings of an old Altiplano silver mine for traces of tin while his wife sold coca leaves in the marketplace. Eventually, he found tin in profitable quantities, and he went on to find more and more. By the time of the First World War, he had made a fortune, and by the time of the Second he was one of the half-dozen richest men alive. In the twenties, he left Bolivia for good, and until his death in 1947 lived abroad magnificently, serving at different times as Bolivia's Ambassador to France and its Ambassador to Spain. Meanwhile, he, or, in his absence, his organization (it is hard to distinguish between them), had been developing an efficient system for exploiting his mines.



Foreign engineers were hired as managers, with good pay and huge powers. Indians, plus *cholos* or *mestizos* (again, it is hard to distinguish), were used as labor, at minimum wages, though they were supplied with food

at reasonable prices by subsidized mine commissaries. Much of this food was imported, over new mine-interest railways, and thus afforded no help in building up Bolivia's own food-producing capacity; in a sense, the mines belonged less to the Bolivian economy than to the international capitalist one. Meanwhile, the government in La Paz was shaped to run things as the Patiño and other mining interests wanted them run; at least twice in the forties Patiño miners were massacred by government troops during labor disputes.

The Patiño labor relations were such that by the thirties they were attracting left-wing organizers from abroad—a development that contributed to the rise of the M.N.R. (to the power of Juan Lechín, for instance) and also gave Bolivia, for all its backwardness, a considerable sophistication in revolutionary thought. Today, Bolivia has a full set of Communist factions, including Moscow-oriented, Peking-oriented, and Trotskyite ones. (The Bolivian miners support what is perhaps the most active Trotskyite movement in the world now outside Ceylon.) And Marxist intellectualism has been planted on the Altiplano. One recent evening, I wandered into a bookshop in Oruro, a bleak regional mining center a hundred and fifty miles south of here, and I was amazed at the wealth of literature I found: Marxist writings of all sorts, including heretical ones by men like Milovan Djilas and Imre Nagy, plus a wide range of works on philosophy, science, and other non-political subjects—all this in a poor



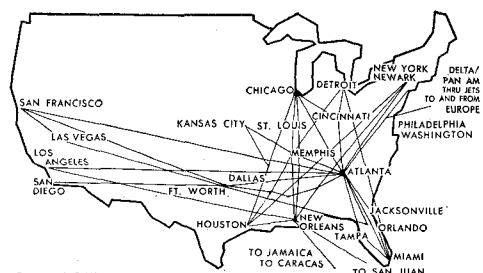
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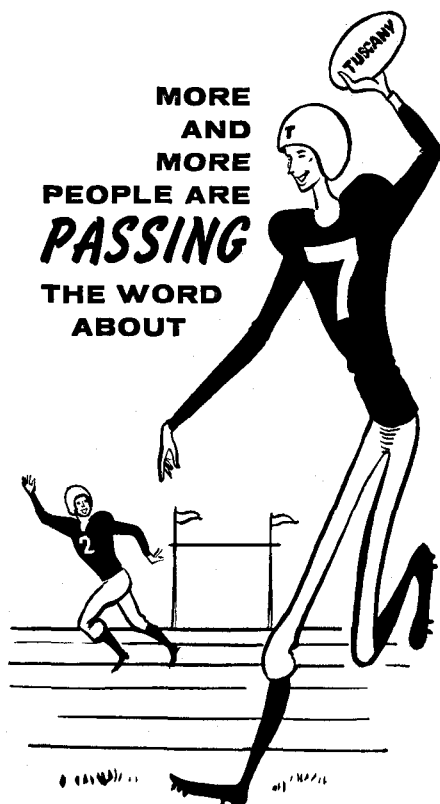
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When the M.N.R. came to power in 1952, Bolivian mine owners had a bad name and the Bolivian mine unions were strong. Nationalization was in the air. It has been said that Paz hesitated over nationalization, but his hand was forced by Lechín and the unions, whose street fighting had done much to put him in power. So mine nationalization became the third big item in Paz's revolution, along with land reform and universal suffrage. There was a logical connection, for all three moves were aimed at raising the Bolivian Indians from their traditional inferior status. Paz nationalized not only the Patiño mines but also mines belonging to the Hochschild and Aramayo families, though these operators had better reputations and better labor relations. (He left many smaller holdings, including those of British and American companies, W. R. Grace among them, in private hands.) The nationalized mines were turned over to a state enterprise called Comibol—Corporación Minera de Bolivia—which had trouble from the start. One of its first problems was a sharp drop in the world tin price, to a level below that at which Bolivian mines could be profitably worked. I have heard this drop blamed on maneuvers by the Patiño interests, which, no doubt foreseeing the inevitable, had for years before nationalization been taking capital out of Bolivia and investing it in the tin mines of Southeast Asia. The Southeast Asia mines—in Malaya and Indonesia—are placer ones, easily worked by dredging, and are well linked with the world market by nearby sea transport; Bolivia's mines, by contrast, must be worked through deep, difficult shafts and are far from any port. When the world price goes down, Bolivia has more trouble than usual competing with the placer-mining countries, and this happened now, whether or not Patiño manipulations were to blame. (The end of heavy fighting in Korea, and consequently of heavy United States tin stockpiling, may have done more to knock the price down.) In addition, the Bolivian mines, having been neglected for years, were desperately in need of new equipment and new exploration, which the management couldn't afford—particularly in view of the fact that Comibol's foreign-exchange earnings were expected to keep the M.N.R. revolution afloat by paying for imports of essential food and other non-mining supplies.

Furthermore, Comibol itself quickly

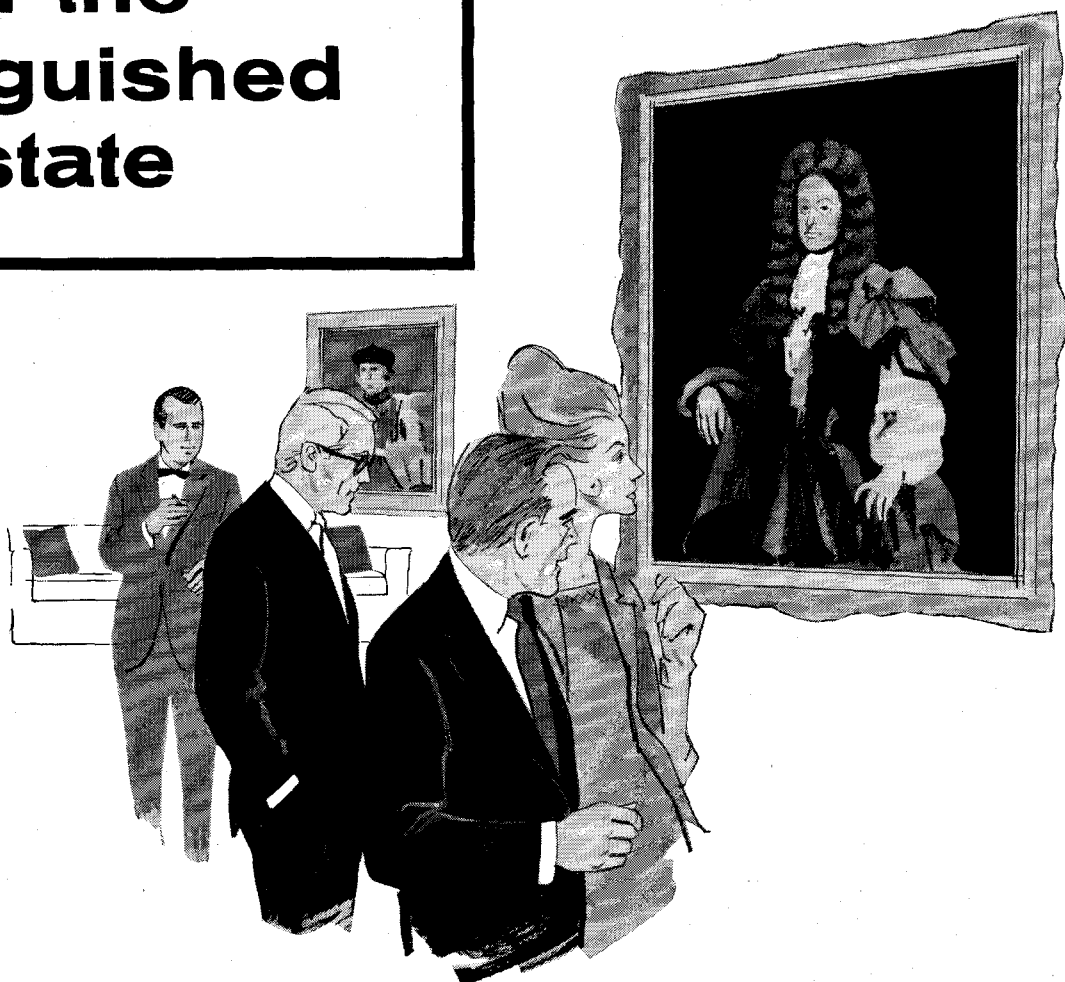
developed all the inefficiency to be expected of a huge socialized enterprise in an underdeveloped country, a good share of whose few technicians have left. White-collar Comibol jobs were handed out as plums to the M.N.R. faithful, and blue-collar jobs proliferated in an orgy of featherbedding. Workers took to partying and politicking in the mines, trying to make up for their sufferings of the past. Some labor leaders, driven by their long experience of poverty, took to graft. Others took to waging factional warfare, and certain Communist labor leaders took to snarling up Comibol deliberately, as a way of embarrassing the government. The abuses varied from place to place, being worse in the old Patiño mines than in, say, the old Aramayo ones, but, by and large, demoralization and inefficiency were general.



Philosophical differences lay behind the abuses. In the past, the

Andean Indians had had a strong tradition of communal ownership; the earth and its contents had belonged to the people, to be used for the common good, or for the common glory through the adornment of temples and palaces. Then the Spaniards had come and extracted the metals for their own purposes, justifying this, perhaps, by incomprehensible talk of divine right. And then people like Patiño had continued the extraction, justifying it by the rules of capitalism: Patiño, the rightful owner, deserved his profit, and meanwhile the international market prices had to be met. Either way, the miners got only the crumbs left by an alien system. Now, however, the mines were *theirs*, as they properly should be, according to both the old communal beliefs, still held stubbornly by most Bolivian Indians, and the new Marxist ones, taught by the organizers. The concept of communal ownership was interpreted literally; there were stories of miners' refusing to drill at such-and-such a spot on the orders of a manager and insisting on drilling at another, because "the mine is ours." According to the miners' system of beliefs, they shared their ownership with supernatural powers embodied in deities called such things as Pachamama, Tío, and Diablito. These beings could make veins peter out, and could help or hinder the finding of new ones, and they had to be propitiated by sacrifices. Once, when I was visiting a mine near Oruro, I came on a stone idol deep underground. It had confetti on it, and offerings of half-smoked cigarettes in its mouth. "If the miners make a good find, they leave some of

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the ore here as an offering," said my guide, a Bolivian engineer. "Then, later on, we come and collect it." By "we" he meant the mine management, with its balance sheets and its knowledge of the international price system—institutions to which Comibol still remained answerable, despite the revolution. Ore still had to be exported and sold in the world market, and foreign advisers were still on hand to see that this was done as efficiently as possible; some of the advisers were United States engineers and economists, checking up on American aid, which after 1952 began pouring into Bolivia, and they disagreed strongly with the miners. Communalism and Pachamama found themselves lined up against modern bookkeeping and engineering practice.

By the late fifties, the United States experts were blaming the ills of Comibol primarily on labor's indiscipline. They saw Juan Lechín as the bête noire, charging that while he was not necessarily a Communist, he was playing the Communists' game. Their judgment was questioned by other experts, who blamed Comibol's ills as much on obsolete equipment and lack of capital—not to mention management's indiscipline—but the Americans' verdict nevertheless tended to polarize the problem. It came to be seen more and more as essentially a labor problem, with the Bolivian government, as the employer, struggling against the unions. It was a struggle that Paz, with his labor sympathies and commitments, could perhaps never have won, though he maintains now that he would eventually have reached a peaceful settlement with the miners. He broke with Lechín and the mine unions in the early sixties, having been forced to the right by the threat of Castroism, among other things, but he never came close to ordering military intervention in the mines, which was what some experts thought was required by then for the imposition of discipline. Military intervention awaited the coming of Barrientos, who overthrew Paz in November, 1964, and, the following May, became Co-President with General Alfredo Ovando Candia, commander-in-chief of the armed forces. In 1965, troops sent by Barrientos and Ovando had two showdowns with the miners—in May and in September—in which they killed several dozen, and broke the power of the unions. Mine ownership was not denationalized in the process, but otherwise the miners' gains were wiped out; that part of the '52 revolution was undone. Wages were reduced sharply—to a level that a hundred and

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six Roman Catholic priests here, in an open letter to the Bolivian government last year, said was *infrahumano*, or sub-human. The mine-union leaders were rusticated to distant parts of the country, the mine compounds were occupied by Army garrisons, and the miners' freedom to meet, to move about, and to communicate was curtailed. Some of the losses have been made up since 1965—pay has risen, for one thing—but the miners are still in a wretched state, and they don't know what the Barrientos regime has in store for them now.

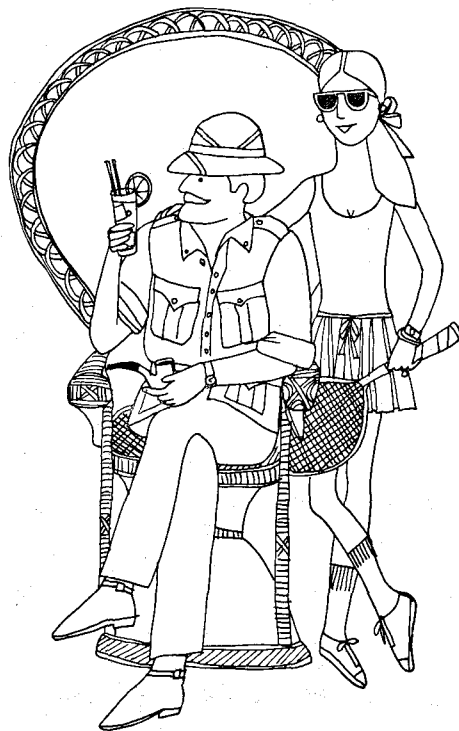
THE Army was what beat the miners. In 1952, it had been the other way around; in the M.N.R. uprisings the miners had beaten the Army and temporarily ended its power. Early in his regime, Paz ruled without an army, relying instead on militia drawn from among the miners and the *campesinos* and on other small forces. This system appealed to the M.N.R.'s anti-militarist feelings, but it laid Paz open to intolerable pressure, especially from the newly powerful miners. So he began building up the Army on his own, making a particularly intensive effort in the early sixties, when he wanted a counter to threats from the left. By 1964, the Army was strong enough to conspire against him. Well before the coup of that year, General Ovando, Paz's commander-in-chief, was holding conspiratorial talks with General Barrientos, who had become Paz's Vice-President. Ovando, who is a cautious man, quite unlike the daring Barrientos, is said not to have committed himself deeply in the plotting—to have merely kept in touch, rather, and waited. Then, when disorders broke out among students and other dissident elements around the beginning of November, he brought the Army in on Barrientos' side. On the day of Paz's departure, Ovando reputedly arrived in a car at the deposed President's house and told him that he would take him either to the cemetery or to the airport; Paz chose the latter.

Immediately after the coup, Barrientos, as Vice-President, assumed the Presidency. When things had calmed down, Ovando joined him at the head of a full-fledged military junta; virtually all Cabinet Ministers and other high officials were Army officers. In Bolivia, as in some other Latin-American countries, the Army plays a strong part in a peculiar system of checks and balances in which the legislative and judicial branches count for little. In a vague way, the Army is expected to

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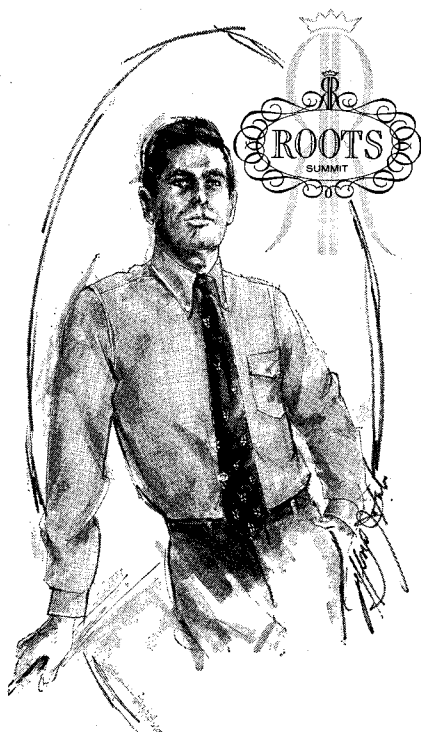
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stay out of civilian politics unless order breaks down, in which case it has an excuse for intervening, however unconstitutional. Recently, for instance, the Brazilian Army seized control, to counter inflation and leftist subversion that appeared to threaten imminent chaos. Recently, too, the Ecuadorian Army seized control, mainly to end the irresponsible conduct of Carlos Julio Arosemena Monroy, the country's legal President. And *very* recently the Argentine Army seized control, though with so little pretext that disturbances have followed. In 1964, the Bolivian Army was given a sufficient pretext by riots among those who were at least temporarily fed up with the M.N.R. So, after a good deal of fighting—including the air-strafting of loyal M.N.R. militia holding out on a badland crag beside La Paz—the military took over.

Once the junta was in, it faced immediate demands that it hold elections and get out again—another standard feature of the system. A Latin-American junta's life is often short. The Brazilian junta I just referred to is preparing to depart after recent elections. The Ecuadorian junta overstayed itself, and was brought down early this year in disorders touched off by businessmen in the seaport of Guayaquil. (The Argentine junta is still too young for its fate to be known.) In Bolivia, the problem was acute, because of the national liking for violence and the low esteem in which the Army has traditionally been held here; one hears people say bitterly that historically the Army's functions have been to shoot Bolivians and to lose territory. Three or four Army regimes have been overthrown in the past few decades, and during the Barrientos-Ovando Presidency it seemed that many Bolivians hoped that this would happen again. During the crackdown on the miners in May of 1965, La Paz factory workers bottled the Army up in the capital for a whole day. A peculiarity of the La Paz canyon is that only one real road leads out of it to the Altiplano. This happens to pass through a working-class barrio called Villa Victoria, high on the slope, and that May the Villa Victorians, who were well armed and were anxious to help their miner buddies, threw a road-block across it, so that Army reinforcements, trying to leave La Paz for the mining districts, could not pass. The road was opened again the next day, but the incident had illustrated the difficulties of running Bolivia with-

out some degree of popular consent.

By the end of last year, Ovando and his close Army advisers decided that the junta must end and that Barrientos, if he wished to become President in his own right, must run as a civilian. Barrientos seemed to be resisting the idea, but the Army put it up to him in either-or terms. He took a short trip abroad, then returned and began campaigning in earnest. Although he was unquestionably the Army's candidate—he was trusted to serve its interests and was helped by it in countless ways, so he had no chance of losing—he was nonetheless made to respect the democratic forms. Right up to the last, there was doubt here that the election would come off, yet in the end it did,



because Ovando had made up his mind that it would. The day before the election, he held a press conference in the Government Palace, whose chambers, for all La Paz's general ruggedness, display a good deal of Hispanic elegance—busts, parquet floors, heavy brown-and-olive draperies, and so on. Ovando is still in his forties, but he looks older, and on this occasion he looked tired. He has a thin, aquiline Spanish face, with a high forehead, receding hair, and a mustache, and that day his face was lined, serious, and rather sad-looking. His personality is anything but colorful, and what he gave us correspondents was a thoughtful, schoolteacherly talk on how clean the election was going to be. And it *was* clean, too, superficially—as it could afford to be with the outcome perfectly certain. The Army kept almost perfect order at the polls, which may have encouraged a “democratic tendency” in the people, as some Bolivians say, and which certainly helped the Army's prestige. Then, a month later, on August 6th, Bolivia's Independence Day, Ovando handed power over to Barrientos, again seriously and almost sadly. It is generally said that Ovando has Presidential ambitions of his own—that he liked his taste of the Presidential job, and feels he can handle it better than Barrientos. But he is a cautious, wait-and-see man, and Barrientos has the initiative now.

It is debatable whether Barrientos should be called a military chief of state. He is still an officer—another star was added to his insignia at inauguration time—and he unquestionably rules by the Army's consent. At the same time, with his political flair, he is far more than an *ordinary* general. He takes chances, he feels the nation's pulse, he mixes into things; he “dirties

What do we do for an encore?

How do you follow December's stocking full of Truman Capote and Tennessee Williams, Noel Coward and Johann Sebastian Bach, Marian Anderson and Van Cliburn, Charlie Brown and Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer, the story of the Nativity, the Metropolitan Opera, the choreography of Valerie Bettis and the music of the Cleveland Symphony?

Well, just for New Year's openers, here are a few programs worth planning to see in January.

Patterns of Scholarship

Directions: A four-part series on reconstructing the past through archeology and manuscripts. Sundays, Jan. 1, 8, 15, 22 (1-1:30 pm).

First Ladies of the Opera

Bell Telephone Hour: Birgit Nilsson, Leontyne Price, Joan Sutherland and Renata Tebaldi show what makes each unique. Sunday, Jan. 1 (6:30-7:30 pm).

The National Current Events Test

Audience involvement in a broadcast about current events. Tuesday, Jan. 3 (10-11 pm).

The Trap of Solid Gold

Cliff Robertson and Dina Merrill star in the Stage 67 drama. Wednesday, Jan. 4 (10-11 pm).

The Farthest Frontier

CBS Reports: Developments in the study

of the mind and their meaning for mental health. Tuesday, Jan. 10 (10-11 pm).

Sex In The Sixties

Stage 67 explores the social, medical and moral aspects of sex today. Thursday, Jan. 12 (10-11 pm).

An Island Called Ellis

Project 20 documentary on "the most majestic theme in American history"—immigration. Friday, Jan. 13 (10-11 pm).

Cinderella

The only original musical for television by Rodgers and Hammerstein, with Ginger Rogers, Walter Pidgeon, Celeste Holm, Jo Van Fleet, Lesley Ann Warren, others. Wednesday, Jan. 18 (7:30-9 pm).

The Bob Hope Christmas Show

Hope's annual journey for GI's overseas. Wednesday, Jan. 18 (9-10:30 pm).

To Save A Soldier

Story of Medivac, Air Medical Evacuation Unit in Vietnam. Thursday, Jan. 19 (10-11 pm).

Bing Crosby Pro-Am Golf Championship

The two final rounds telecast live from Pebble Beach, Calif. Saturday, Jan. 21 (6-7:30 pm) & Sunday, Jan. 22 (5-7 pm).

Emlyn Williams—Dickens

Emlyn Williams recreates Charles Dickens' performances when he toured America. Sunday, Jan. 22 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Thoroughbred

The story of a Kentucky race horse from his birth to his first race at Saratoga. Sunday, Jan. 22 (6:30-7:30 pm).

Essay On Women

Harry Reasoner and Andrew Rooney review women's dissatisfaction with themselves. Tuesday, Jan. 24 (10-10:30 pm).

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts with Leonard Bernstein

The ninth annual concert featuring youthful talent. Friday, Jan. 27 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Sights and Sounds of San Francisco

Bell Telephone Hour looks at the city's opera, ballet, symphony and jazz. Sunday, Jan. 29 (6:30-7:30 pm).

The Royal Palaces

An exploration of Great Britain's royal palaces and their fabulous art treasures. Sunday, Jan. 29 (10-11 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday Through Friday

Captain Kangaroo/Today/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour

Wednesdays: ABC Stage 67 (New day ...Thursday, Jan. 12)

Saturdays:

Captain Kangaroo / Sunrise Semester / The Smithsonian/Animal Secrets/Wide World of Sports / Vietnam Weekly Review/Shell's Wonderful World of Golf/ABC Scope: The War In Vietnam

Sundays:

Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Directions / Bullwinkle / Camera Three / Discovery / Face the Nation / Meet the Press / The Catholic Hour / Issues and Answers/CBS Sports Spectacular/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/The Frank McGee Report/The 21st Century/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (EST), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings: check also for noteworthy local programs.

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his feet in the mud of politics," as I have heard it put. Perhaps he should be seen as the Army's political branch. In his speeches he calls the Army the country's "tutulary institution... watching zealously over the fulfilling of laws and the virtue of governments." If governmental virtue fades, he seems to be saying, the armed forces should intervene again. Ovando agrees. He has said the Army will take power again if the government doesn't carry out the people's will (whatever that may seem to be).

The "tutulary institution," like so much else in Bolivia, has been changing and developing fast. The midwinter season here—especially the days around July 16th (La Paz Day) and August 6th, which are both big holidays—was a time of parades. Many brass bands came out then, with the emphasis on military and high-school ones; they blared and blared, until I almost felt that brass was the authentic Bolivian voice.

And the armed forces marched and marched. Some really snappy troops were to be seen, including a big Ranger unit, with United States equipment, that was dazzling by Bolivian standards. Our Army has been strengthening the Bolivian one, as it has strengthened others in Latin America, and is thus inevitably changing the internal political balance here, as it has done elsewhere. At the same time, we have been trying to help the Bolivian Army's "image"—encouraging it to seem less parasitic, for instance, by involving it in a civic-action program, in which it has been using its manpower to build roads, schoolhouses, and other useful things. And the program, to the extent that it is carried out, does further Bolivian development. Many Bolivian Army officers are high-grade men; some have impressed me as among the most public-spirited, reliable, decent people I have met here. They are apt to think of themselves as an élite (they are usually *blanco*, and the enlisted men are usually Indians), and often they seem to have a true sense of noblesse oblige. But here, again, the temptations fostered by Bolivian poverty can enter in. Under the junta, stories of graft by officers abounded. And while, with bloodshed, the armed forces were reducing the miners' pay, they raised their own. Economically, the Bolivian officers can be seen as a class, with class interests.

UNITED STATES involvement with recent Bolivian politics, and especially with the M.N.R., has been close and special. Before 1952, Amer-

ican observers had been looking upon land reform more and more as a panacea for South America's ills. When Bolivia embarked on an actual land-reform program, therefore, a welcome from us was indicated. Edward J. Sparks, who was then our Ambassador here, took up the challenge and urged support of the M.N.R. regime, and so did other career diplomats concerned; they seem to have done so at some risk to themselves, in view of the M.N.R.'s revolutionary nature and the trouble that China-desk officers in the State Department were having at the time. Anyway, we took the M.N.R. under our wing, and that, rather curiously, remained our policy through the Eisenhower period; a private-enterprise United States administration was sup-



porting an arrantly Socialist experiment abroad. The defense of this anomaly fell largely to Milton Eisenhower, the President's brother, and his task wasn't easy; his writings contain bitter strictures on American businessmen who were calling Paz a Communist when—it seemed to the writer—they plainly knew better. In its early years, the Eisenhower administration's policy seems to have been the fairly short-range one of using economic aid to keep the M.N.R. afloat and away from the left. From 1956 on, our aid was increased, its aim then being to stop Bolivian inflation; we invested in this heavily—and successfully, thanks in part to the firm control exercised by President Siles and the help of the International Monetary Fund. Our struggle with Lechín and the miners also went on developing during the Eisenhower period. We were pouring more and more money into Bolivia, and our representatives here felt obliged to see to it that the money was well spent. Much of it went into Comibol (once, we even paid a Christmas bonus that the company couldn't meet), while the miners were breaking their agreements, raising their demands, and generally blocking the wheels. Comibol is the core of Bolivia's money economy—tin brings in the bulk of its foreign exchange and supports half a million of its people, directly or indirectly—and our advisers despaired of making the country economically sound unless Comibol could be tamed. The struggle to tame it became a central part of our effort.

In 1960, when John F. Kennedy was elected President of the United States, Víctor Paz was elected President of Bolivia for a second term, following the intervening term of Siles. Paz and Kennedy hit it off at once,



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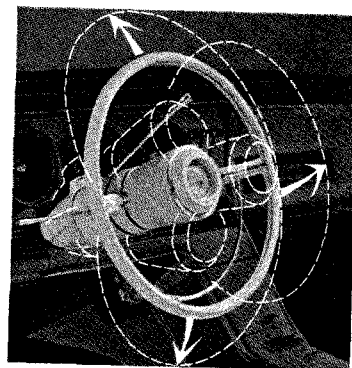
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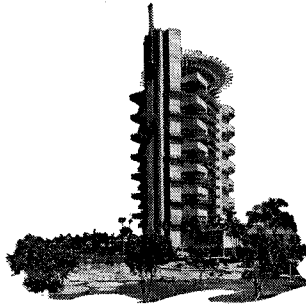
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seeing eye to eye on inter-American coöperation through the Alliance for Progress, and the like. The relationship was furthered by Ben Stephansky, who became our Ambassador to La Paz in 1961 and remained here for most of the Kennedy period. Stephansky was a great friend and confidant of Paz's, and in his time our aid flowed to Bolivia with fewer restraints than before, though our battle with the left continued; Stephansky was as anti-Lechín as any of our officials had been, and it was while he was here that Paz and Lechín broke with each other.

In late October of 1963, less than a month before President Kennedy's death, Paz made an official visit to the United States, and it was a huge success; he and Kennedy continued to hit it off. Stephansky accompanied Paz on the trip, although he was about to be replaced as Ambassador by another career diplomat, Douglas Henderson, who still holds the post here. Two days before Kennedy died, Henderson called at the White House to talk with him before coming down here to assume his duties. The President spoke then of wanting to visit Bolivia. Henderson had served here before, and Kennedy asked about housing arrangements; ironically, too, he asked if he would be safe. Henderson replied that he would be absolutely safe, and that all the Bolivians would love to see him—that even the Bolivian Communists would come forward to kiss his hand. He added that Kennedy would be the first United States President to set foot on Bolivian soil, our highest previous official to do so having been Vice-President Richard Nixon, in 1958. Kennedy was quite excited about setting such a precedent, Henderson has said, and also by the prospect of dramatizing the Alliance for Progress. He told the new Ambassador to go ahead and plan the visit with the Paz government for sometime the following February or March. The State Department, incidentally, was alarmed by the plan. The people on its South American desk began worrying about which other countries might be made envious. But, of course, the problem was solved, tragically, within two days.

During President Johnson's first month in office, we were faced with a new and well-publicized Bolivian problem: A group of Bolivian miners took as hostages three lesser American officials and a Peace Corps volunteer, along with some other foreign nationals and some Bolivians, in an effort to make the Paz government release two arrested labor leaders. Johnson told a press conference then that he was ready to



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send help (of an unspecified kind) to the Bolivian government if it should be requested, but Paz avoided this embarrassment by getting the hostages out himself, using his Army and his *campesino* militia. The incident was minor and fleeting, yet in retrospect it seems to mark the end of the Kennedy-Paz era.

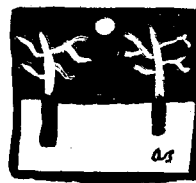
Paz fell late in 1964, and the next year, on Bolivian Independence Day, he gave an interview in Lima to an *Izvestia* reporter in which he blamed his ouster on plans "minutely prepared" by Washington and by Colonel Edward Fox, then the United States Air Attaché in La Paz, who was an old and intimate friend of General Barrientos. As far as I can determine, these charges have little basis. I asked Paz to substantiate them, and he offered nothing convincing. (Furthermore, in a subsequent interview with a Bolivian reporter who was well informed about the circumstances, he stressed the fragmentation of the M.N.R. and the ambitions of the Bolivian Army as the reasons for his fall, with "imperialism" left in the background.) I have also asked both Ambassador Henderson and Robert Hurwich, who was his second in command here until recently, about the matter, and they have told me categorically that Fox couldn't have encouraged Barrientos without their knowledge, and that he did nothing of the sort; Paz knows this to be true, Henderson has assured me. Finally, I have asked an old M.N.R. colleague of Paz's about it, and he has said that whatever Colonel Fox and the Pentagon might have done could only have been secondary—that Paz's mistake was in making the Army so strong, for then a takeover was inevitable. So the case rests there, though the bitterness between Paz and our government has not diminished. (Even so, when I last called on Paz, in May of this year, it happened to be the birthday of one of his little daughters, and she was having a party to which American schoolmates in Lima had been asked. I heard the lot of them singing "Happy Birthday to You" in English in the kitchen.)

In any event, our influence is greater in Bolivia than it has been in any other foreign country I have seen except occupied Japan and South Korea in wartime. (I haven't seen Vietnam recently.) One finds American advisers in all areas of public life—mining, farming, road building, health, education, and so on. Sometimes Bolivians express resentment against us, on the

ground that we are pushy and naïve, but on the whole they seem to like us and appreciate the material help we are giving. General Barrientos himself has a rather "Made in U.S.A." appearance, as have the armed forces generally, with their United States equipment, United States-style uniforms, and United States-trained officers. The training sometimes has a deep effect, apparently; I have heard a Bolivian Air Force colonel talk wistfully about obscure Southern airfields the way some Americans are wont to talk about Paris.

Our experts have won their argument with the Bolivian miners. For the first time in its life, Comibol is showing a profit, and is paying taxes to the Bolivian government. It is taking steps in the direction of a return to private enterprise—leasing its mines to private operators, for instance—and its payroll has been reduced from twenty-six thousand to twenty-two thousand since Paz fell. Its president, Colonel Juan Lechín Suárez (not to be confused with the union leader Juan Lechín Oquendo), who is a holdover from the junta, has received a great deal of American advice, and Barrientos' new Minister of Mines, Fadrique Muñoz, is a former employee of the United States here, much trusted by our Embassy in La Paz. American officials and Americans under private sponsorship are making many changes in Comibol and in the mines. For one thing, a project called the Triangular Plan—representing the United States, the Inter-American Development Bank, and West Germany—is providing Comibol with money for new equipment and exploration. For another, a team from the United States AID mission has travelled among the Comibol holdings, testing

and treating the miners for tuberculosis and silicosis. (The latter disease is said to be more prevalent among Bolivian miners than among miners anywhere else.) For still another, an American expert is revamping Comibol's administrative structure to make it conform to an organization chart—a brand-new idea. Then, another American expert, in the employ of the United Nations, is trying to computerize some of Comibol's operations. He is Morton Kahl, a New Yorker who has studied under the great mathematician John von Neumann and has worked for the System Development Corporation in Santa Monica; he has begun by tackling Comibol's inflated inventory. The company has twenty-one million dollars'

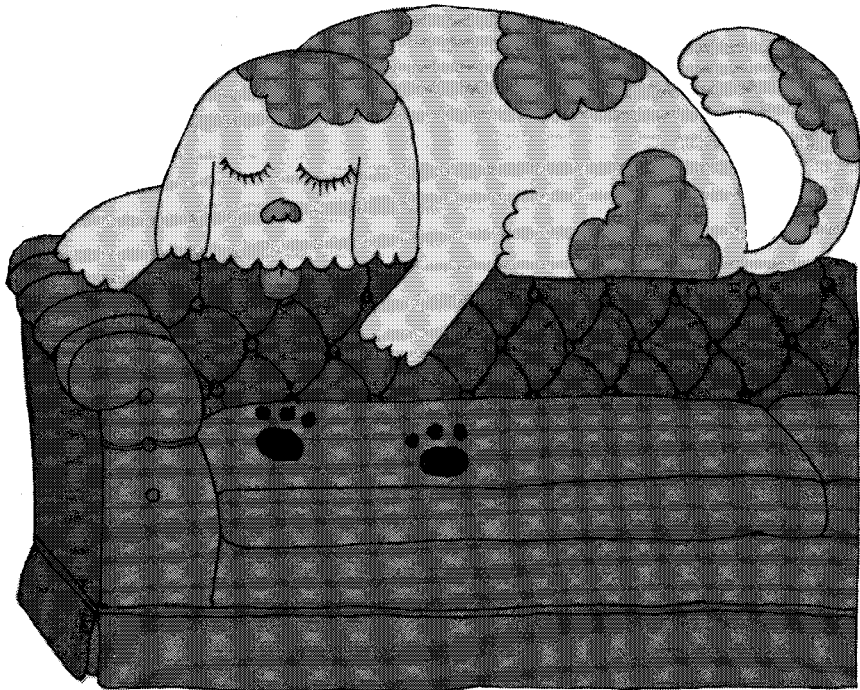


worth of supplies in its warehouses, probably three or four times what it needs (in the past, individual mines ordered drills, say, direct from the manufacturers, without checking to see if other Comibol mines had a surplus of them); Kahl and his I.B.M. machine are out to make order from such chaos. In addition, the Peace Corps is thinking of putting volunteers in the mining communities to help improve conditions there. And so on.

Comibol is still badly overstaffed, and this situation, combined with the technological improvements it must make in order to compete on the world market, will create unemployment sooner or later. I have heard that some elements of the Comibol management would like to fire a few thousand miners out of hand, feeling that the government is now strong enough to stand up under such a move. If the move is made, and the miners are left unemployed, we Americans must share the responsibility, as we must share the responsibility for the current low morale of the employed miners, who are still feeling the pinch in their dank hovels as they ruminate on their pals killed by United States bullets. Their lot is consistent with Bolivian mining history but not with our policy of offering a good life to those who conform to our notions of doing things.

Bolivia is very much a client state of ours. If an anti-United States regime came to power here—even (by some wild chance) a Communist regime—it would almost certainly have to make a deal with us at once. We could bankrupt it either by cutting off our aid or by dumping tin on the market from our huge stockpile. And our enemies couldn't help such a regime much, because Bolivia is a landlocked country surrounded by five nations—Chile, Peru, Brazil, Paraguay, and Argentina—that are all now firmly in our camp. Bolivia is inextricably a part of our setup.

BOLIVIA, an inland, essentially high-land region, was taken over in the sixteenth century by a sea-level culture that never came to understand it and always used it callously and contemptuously for alien purposes. This was the Spanish Empire, but international capitalism, another sea-level institution, has continued the process. The Altiplano natives were brought into these systems not as real participants but as the victims of exploitation. Those Bolivians who could adapt to the system went abroad, like Simón Patiño (and today Bolivia is probably suffering



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a worse brain drain on its educated talent than any other country in the Western Hemisphere), or else they came down into La Paz, the deepest burrow between the mines and the seaward frontiers. They drew strength from the Altiplano, but they got as far from it as they could. The situation is especially bad because the Bolivian nation, yoked though it is to sea-level ways, has been denied a seacoast. After Bolivia's independence, its George Washington, the general and statesman Andrés Santa Cruz, tried to unite it with Peru. This plan, which would have solved the problem of isolation, was frustrated by the jealousy of Chile and Argentina, which wanted to preserve Bolivia as a buffer. For a while, Bolivia did retain a coastline to the west, but Chile took this away in the late nineteenth century. Since then, Bolivia has been everybody's hinterland—rather like Afghanistan, which it resembles in some other ways, too. Bolivians' feelings smolder when they think of the lost littoral, and their chances of getting it back. Politicians make promises on the subject, whether sincerely or not, and people write slogans about it on the adobe walls, or carry model boats in parades to symbolize the issue. No one seems sure just what Bolivia's landlocked condition means to the nation. Some experts say that it means little economically, because the country has reasonable free-port arrangements with Peru and Chile. But it plainly means a lot psychologically, inducing feelings of insecurity, and culturally, in its denial to Bolivians of the experience connected with seafaring, the maritime world, and waterborne commerce generally. The sea world has been shut out of Bolivian life by geography and history, and the old Altiplano people—the Indians, who were adapted to the heights—have been shut out of it by caste. This has made for a broken nation. The 1952 revolution sought to mend things by bringing the Indians in, by improving the *campesinos'* and miners' share of things. The revolution has fared well in some ways, badly in others. But it must go on, one feels, regardless of personalities—regardless of Paz or of Barrientos or of the other leaders—if Bolivia is to achieve harmony with any world order. —CHRISTOPHER RAND

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WEST COAST CAPER

NEIL SIMON, who has been so successful with his comedies about Manhattan and its denizens, changes his theatrical venue to San Francisco in "The Star-Spangled Girl," and he does not seem to be altogether at ease in his new surroundings. His latest play is a rickety vehicle, and its comic content is meagre. Frequently, the jokes that are cracked are either silly or tasteless, and it is hard to believe that an author of Mr. Simon's stature could set down such dialogue as: "Did you know your roommate was crackers?" "Yes, but I didn't know the exact medical term." Yet, even if "The Star-Spangled Girl" does not glitter, it does have its smiling moments, and Anthony Perkins, Richard Benjamin, and Connie Stevens, the three performers who make up its cast, are often engaging. Perhaps George Axelrod, who directed it, would have been well advised to urge a bit of restraint upon his players, but they are young and full of life, and maybe we ought to overlook their tendency to kick up their heels a little too boisterously.

The characters are not very complex, and neither is the situation that Mr. Simon has devised to keep them in motion. Mr. Perkins and Mr. Benjamin are supposed to be a publisher and a writer, respectively, who turn out an offbeat magazine in a duplex apartment that they can't afford but are able to occupy because the landlady, a motorcycle and airplane enthusiast, has taken a shine to Mr. Perkins. Presently, into their lives comes Miss Stevens, who has taken over an adjoining apartment. She is quite a handful—a former Olympic swimmer from Arkansas, a hysterical patriot, the fiancée of a Marine lieutenant, and a judo expert. Mr. Benjamin falls raptly in love with her at first sight, but she finds nothing attractive about him. In-

deed, she gets hives and begins losing her hair as a consequence of his advances. But Mr. Perkins, as a publisher, has to induce her to be kind to his colleague, so that he will be kept in a euphoric frame of mind and can turn out enough prose to keep the magazine going. The humor in "The Star-Spangled Girl" runs to such simple devices as this, and it doesn't take a lot of foresight to see where the plot is headed after the girl denounces the publisher as a Communist and he thumbs his nose at her patriotism. The plot, in short, is not much on logical development, and after a while the play starts to lose what little shape it had to begin with. Every now and then, however, a touch of the wit for which Mr. Simon is celebrated crops up, and that compensates for some of the dreary stretches. Oliver Smith is responsible for the single setting, and, as usual, he has made an admirable contribution to the production.

THE APA Repertory Company came a cropper at the Lyceum last week with "We, Comrades Three," an arrangement by Richard Baldrige of excerpts from the poetry of Walt Whitman. In this recital, there are three Whitmans on view—young Walt (Marco St. John), middle-aged Walt (Sydney Walker), and old Walt (Will Geer). There are also a couple of women—the Mother (Helen

Hayes) and the Young Woman (Patricia Conolly). None of the elocution seemed particularly exciting to me, and when Miss Hayes comes on as Columbia, complete with tiara and star-studded red-white-and-blue cape, "We, Comrades Three" becomes actively embarrassing.

"THE OX CART," at the Greenwich Mews, is the first play by René Marques, a Puerto Rican author, to be presented in New York, and although it is too long drawn out and not very suspenseful, it is nevertheless an interesting work in which the playwright develops believable characters. The theme is the exodus of a family from a poverty-stricken Puerto Rican mountain farm to a slum in San Juan, and thence to the Puerto Rican district in the Bronx. The family in transit consists of a mother, a daughter, a son, and the inspirer of the move—a huge orphaned youth who has been adopted by the mother and wishes to repay her by rescuing her and the family from indigence. In San Juan, the son of the family predictably gets into trouble, the daughter becomes pregnant without benefit of marriage, and the orphan finds jobs hard to come by. When the shift is made to New York, there is no improvement in the family fortunes, and in the end the mother and the daughter—the orphan having been killed by one of the machines he worshipped—head sadly back to the farm they left two years before. In its translation, by Charles R. Pilditch, "The Ox Cart" arouses sympathy for its uprooted characters, and the cast, headed by Miriam Colon, as the daughter, and Lucy Boscana, as the mother, is worthy.

—JOHN McCARTEN



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JOHN FRANKENHEIMER's "Grand Prix" is a big, brave, eye-bedazzling, earsplitting, and sometimes almost heart-stopping account of one of the strangest and most dangerous of contemporary "sports"—the racing, in an annual competition for the world's championship, over nine tortuous circuits in as many countries, of a species of delicate, powerful car known as the Formula One. If, as its fans claim, automobile racing has the largest number of spectators of any sport, the particular refinement of it embodied by the Grand Prix boasts what is surely the smallest number of participants, there being only a comparative handful of Formula One cars in existence. They are the costly, prestige-enhancing toys of such manufacturers as Ferrari and Lotus, and they have the aristocratic distinction of being absolutely useless for anything except to compete against one another. A Formula One car resembles a projectile lightly suspended among four huge wheels; its three-litre, unsupercharged engine hurls it over desperately tricky concrete and asphalt hills and dales at speeds of up to a hundred and eighty miles an hour. As for its driver, he is stretched out in a tiny, coffinlike cockpit, and, on some circuits, can expect to be changing gears on an average of once every three seconds, or some three thousand times in the course of a single race. Plainly, he must be a man endowed with exceptionally quick reflexes, as well as with strength, endurance, and courage. To the rest of us, watching him risk his life again and again in such a bizarre endeavor, he is bound to seem slightly touched in the head.

Mr. Frankenheimer has had the wisdom not to attempt an exploration of the minds of such gallant, foolish men; he proffers a few clues in the form of motives, but the innermost mystery remains undisclosed. Though the plot of the movie gathers up a dozen characters whose lives tangle and disentangle in a conventionally well-made dramatic fashion, Frankenheimer's main purpose is to provide a scrupulous documentary exposition of the look and feel of Grand Prix racing. He has photographed and sound-recorded it with an unprecedented technical virtuosity, re-

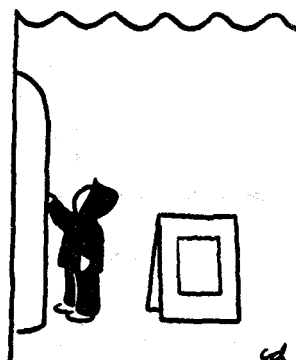
fusing the easy deception of process shots and camera tricks (for example, undercranking to create a false sense of speed); this is the real, the terrifying thing, which takes us by the throat and never lets us go. With the help of cameras mounted on actual racing cars, I felt myself squeezed down into a cock-

pit and flung pell-mell over the very terrain that Formula One cars habitually race on; in a state of exhilaration not unmingled with panic, I became an intimate part of the Grand Prix competitions at Monte Carlo, Spa, Brands Hatch, Clermont-Ferrand, Zandvoort, and Monza. By the skillful

application of a nonexistent brake to the floor of the theatre, I managed to survive every race, and so will you. It is an adventure well worth embarking on.

The four drivers with whose careers "Grand Prix" is largely concerned are played by Yves Montand, James Garner, Brian Bedford, and Antonio Sabàto. Mr. Montand is especially attractive as an aging driver who has begun to tire and who knows perfectly well what his fate will be. The women in their lives include Eva Marie Saint, Jessica Walter, Genevieve Page, and Françoise Hardy. Toshiro Mifune plays a Japanese businessman bent on winning the Grand Prix with a car of his own design; the barking samurai speaks English with some difficulty but is as forceful and handsome as ever. The screenplay, by Robert Alan Aurthur, has the benefit of unusually apt and lively dialogue, and the music that one hears between the revving up of engines is by Maurice Jarre. The title credits and many of the stunning split-screen optical effects are by Saul Bass, and the production designer was Richard Sylbert. The movie was shot entirely on location, and the company had to pick itself up and move from race to race as they were run, starting with Monte Carlo in May and ending with Monza in September. The authenticity of the settings—English country houses, green valleys of France, hotel bars and bedrooms—is an extra delight.

AFTER a brilliant beginning, Michelangelo Antonioni's "Blow-Up" dwindles down and away into failure, and for a reason that would no



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doubt strike its maker as ironic. In the past, critics of his pictures have complained that they lacked a strong story line—that their evasive meanderings in time and place were a bore, and that boringness was no less irritating for being perhaps intentional. In the present movie, which is Mr. Antonioni's first English-speaking production, a strong and realistic story line lies embedded in the very heart of an otherwise lyrical, non-realistic study of contemporary English life, and this, though not boring, is a crucial mistake. What it amounts to is an unlucky mingling of true Antonioni with imitation Hitchcock, and the two parts cannot be made to seem one. The hero of "Blow-Up" is a young fashion photographer—one of those lank London braves, sprung from the lower depths, whose caste signs are birdnest hair, blue jeans, expensive cars, and an almost total lack of feeling. For this zombie-like creature, well played by David Hemmings, the cameras he carries are not merely his livelihood but who he is and all he is; with their help, his days and nights are passed in a trance of profitable professional voyeurism. This trance, which Antonioni delineates with his usual suave beauty of imagery, is broken by the accidental arrival in his life of a pretty girl who may be a murderess. The girl, enacted with understandable uncertainty by Vanessa Redgrave, never gets an opportunity to reveal her true nature to us, much less to the photographer, for, having launched a conventionally piquant little mystery story, Antonioni characteristically abandons it, and the picture slips into fantasy and closes with a pretentiously symbolic tennis match, played without rackets or ball. "Blow-Up" was shot in color and Antonioni's London is, as you would expect, exquisite. The director of photography was Carlo Di Palma.

"THE SAND PEBBLES" is a very long movie about an American gunboat patrolling Chinese waters in the nineteen-twenties. Steve McQueen plays the hero—a sensitive, laconic sailor, whose chief interest in life is ships' engines. Within the narrow limits of his role, Mr. McQueen works hard and well. Others in the cast are Richard Crenna, the sensitive, laconic commander of the gunboat; Richard Attenborough, a sensitive, laconic member of the crew; and Candice Bergen, a sensitive, laconic schoolteacher. The solemn screenplay is by Robert Anderson, and the molasses-in-January direction is by Robert Wise.

—BRENDAN GILL

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LETTER FROM PARIS

DECEMBER 21

YEAR-END travellers flying in and out of Orly Airport at this holy festive season are being treated, *en passant*, to an international exhibition of crèches in the Aéro-gare, of which two French Nativity scenes, created by two of the best-known artists in France, can rank as the oddest that modern Christian eyes have ever gazed upon. This special pair has been placed side by side in the second-floor main waiting room, facing the travellers' exit and entry passageways—a position of honor where it is impossible not to see them. Bales of hay are the only familiar element to recall the Bethlehem manger scene in the design of the sculptor César, noted for his ironmongering art creations, usually fabricated from wrecked automobiles, nor could he resist drenching his baled hay with silver paint, to add his familiar metallic touch. His obvious aim in his crèche has been to present the Nativity in a contemporary manner, not as if announced just by a star and to shepherds watching their flocks by night but as if heard by today's stars of French public life on a news broadcast, while sitting in effigy around a small TV set, on whose screen is actually seen a wriggling newborn happy-looking infant, accompanied by a mumbled announcement, presumably from Luke 2:8-11. The up-to-date audience grouped around the TV baby on this great news broadcast after all these centuries represents, according to an explanatory pamphlet, Dali, Brigitte Bardot, Mireille Mathieu (the young music-hall soprano now being vainly pushed forward to fill tragic old Piaf's empty, echoing place), and, of course, mustachioed sculptor César himself. This pamphlet, furnished by Radio Luxembourg, which has pro-

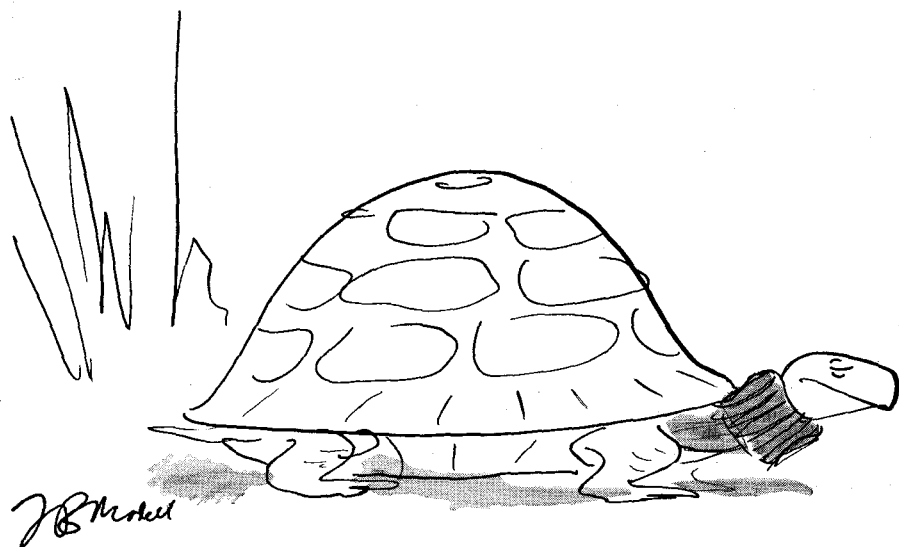
moted the crèche exhibition, further states that, though not so intended by César, his crèche "is certainly capable of causing talk." So far, the Catholic French and their Church have remained silent about it, possibly because they feel it far too ridiculous and vulgar to waste words on. Next to it is a crèche by Dali, which is characteristically eccentric, marked by the high fantasy that made him famous. His Nativity scene is set in a three-foot-high rocklike human ear, which, he explains, evokes the famous twelfth-century heresy of the Cathars, led by the Counts of Toulouse, who maintained that the Christ Child was born out of the Virgin's ear. The little figurine shepherds, in gay raiment, colorfully stand on the ear's rim, and beside the orifice the Virgin, in scarlet and blue, kneels to worship the holy gilded Babe. It is all very charming, quaint, odd, and innocent.

In this very interesting Orly exhibition there are seventy crèches on view, from about fifty countries around the world, collected mostly by the airline companies. Among them are a crèche from Bethlehem itself, carved of olive wood; one from Cameroun, featuring King Bamoun and his black warriors; one from the Upper Volta monastery of Ouagadougou; one from Dahomey, in the Benin African art style, showing a great animal-hunt scene. From Tahiti comes a crèche whose central figures are wreathed with flower leis, like tourists; Venice has produced an eighteenth-century crèche with the Nativity taking place in a palace inhabited by bewigged aristocrats and gondoliers; another old one, from Sicily, features fig gatherers and marionettes. From Granada comes one with antique terracotta personages; from Krakow comes one with gilt and silver figures, includ-

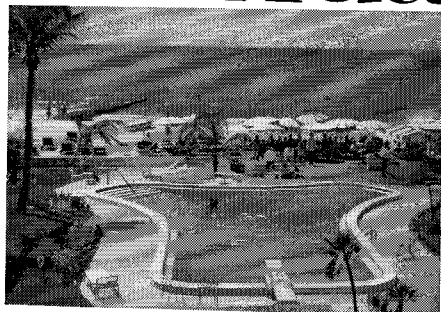
ing King Herod, the Devil, and the Skeleton of Death; and in the crèche from Calabria the Nativity's bystanders are costumed like the local bandits. "There being no true American tradition for a crèche except in those states bordering Mexico," the Radio Luxembourg pamphlet states, "the American crèche shown comes from New Mexico, and is in the gay Mexican tradition, with its personages constructed of stiff glued bright-colored paper." Most exquisitely artistic of all the exhibits is a reproduction of the so-called Pinturicchio crèche, still preserved in the Borgia apartments in the Vatican—in part a Nativity, in part an adoration by the Wise Men. The strangest crèche of all is unquestionably one carved in ice by Eskimos from some unnamed settlement in northern Canada. It looks rather as if made of frosted glass, is artistically primitive, like their famous soapstone carvings, and seems miraculous. It is small, like a little igloo, and is kept in shape by an elaborate electrical freezing system, especially installed to take care of it. Few travellers see it, because it is on the Aéro-gare's third floor.

Two Christmas Eve midnight Masses, for which twelve thousand invitation cards are being distributed to the public, will be celebrated on the first two floors of the airport building by two Catholic bishops, assisted by priests representing the five continents of the world, with music sung by children's choirs flown in from around the globe. The Orly Masses and singing will be transmitted over all the radio networks audible in France—a *Messe de Minuit* such as this country has never heard before.

FOR the first time in the history of modern Paris book publishing, five of the seven annual December book prizes were won by a single publishing house—that of Grasset, established by the late, perspicacious Bernard Grasset and now run by a nephew on the Rue des Saints-Pères, in one of the old-style Left Bank buildings favored by important old French publishing families. For years, the Prix Goncourt—most coveted of all the prizes, since the novel that wins it automatically sets in motion the Paris publishers' dream of an edition that runs anywhere from a hundred thousand copies to half a million or more—was invariably won by the Left Bank publishing house of the Gallimard family. This year, in a kind of rebellion, literary juries suddenly deserted the Gallimards and overwhelmed the Grasset family. First, Grasset won the all-important Grand Prix de l'Aca-



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démie Française with young François Nourissier's "Une Histoire Française," one of his fascinating semi-autobiographical, semi-fictionalized volumes about what is wrong with himself as a young bourgeois and what he supposes is also wrong with France. Next, Grasset won the Goncourt with "Oublier Palerme," by Edmonde Charles-Roux, the fifth woman ever to win the Goncourt since its founding by the surviving elder Goncourt brother in 1896, when its five-thousand-franc award was a big sum—equal to a thousand dollars then but now declined, through the shrunken modern franc, to a value of ten dollars only, which is still ritually paid to the prize-winner. Then another Grasset woman writer, Marie-Claire Blais, a Canadian, won the relatively new Prix Médicis with a modern novel called "Une Saison dans la Vie d'Emmanuel"—about a poor Canadian peasant family with fifteen children, all under the thumb of the priest. Next, Grasset won the Grand Prix National des Lettres, given for a body of work, which was awarded to the American-educated Julian Green for the latest of his scrupulously kept private journals, written with such remarkable reserve about his intimate life. Finally, Grasset won the Prix Interallié with "L'Été Finit sous les Tilleuls"—"The Summer Finishes Beneath the Linden Trees," a deceptively charming title of a novel-ette by Kléber Haedens, the only comic, destructive pen among all the prize-winners. His is a cynical short novel about another small-town Mme. Bovary. The only prizes Grasset missed were the Prix Fémina, always marked by the special mental style of its female jury, and the Prix Renaudot, the male journalists' choice of what they think the Goncourt jury should have chosen in the first place.

Edmonde Charles-Roux was for sixteen years the editor of Paris *Vogue*, comes from a distinguished diplomatic family, grew up in Rome and Sicily, has also frequented New York, and has chosen not to be married. Her father was the president of the Suez Canal Company, considered a diplomat's post in itself. This is her first novel, and in it she deals with the immigrant problem on its very important new upper-class level—not that of the Sicilian working-class family freshly loosed in New York tenements to escape Old World poverty but that of the educated, cultivated class of Sicilians or Italians who make Manhattan careers in the fashion industry, where their imported age-long sense of civilization

tends to feel shrivelled in the acid climate of Madison Avenue's super-commercialism, in the brutal moneyed competition, and in the spiritually unfertilizing air that flows down from skyscrapers into the foreign soul. They view our neon society as surely sick with material prosperity and weakened by its lack of a past, with money leaving the mark of its embrace on every visage. Her American prototype is the beauty editor of a chic New York women's fashion magazine; her Sicilian male character is a New York politician. The novel's story, which ends tragically, is told by a Sicilian woman friend who also cannot forget Palerme—the title of the book as well as the theme of the transplanted unhappiness of those exiles to whom "memory is an inferno." This Goncourt Prize novel has had unusual popularity among worldly Paris readers and, as a new brand of transatlantic knowledge and criticism, could be of acute interest to bilingual readers in the United States.



It seems almost unbelievable that Mme. Simone de Beauvoir's new novel, "Les Belles Images," is about almost the same commercialized upper-crust European atmosphere as that of the Goncourt book, with one major exception. The Parisians whom Mme. de Beauvoir describes are impenitent in their imitative Americanization, which they have set up in their decorating businesses, or their advertising agencies, or in their weekend lives. Mme. de Beauvoir even uses their Franglais language, speaking of their "vie relaxée" and their men's use of "After Shave"—some kind of seductive lotion. What she writes about is actual serious female tragedy in two of its aspects: the more than middle-aged, very successful businesswoman deserted late in life by her rich mate, and her daughter's worry because her own ten-year-old daughter asks, with budding Existentialist intelligence, "Maman, why do we exist?"—whereupon Maman hands her over to a psychoanalyst. But all sense of tragedy is lost in the idiocy of the upper-class snobbery amid which her females live. If you did not positively know that this novel was written by Simone de Beauvoir, because her name is on the title page, you would not bother to read it. For "Les Belles Images" is, in truth, unexpected trash. *Excusez-moi, chère Madame.*

THE political campaign has started here in preparation for the March elections, which will be vital, or else fatal, to the future of de Gaulle's

Fifth Republic. His majority party has already started pasting up its propaganda and emblems, giving France its new intellectualized slang name of "Le Hexagon"—which it is, on the map, though no one has ever talked about its shape before. The Gaullist emblem stylizes the hexagon within concentric tricolor circles, which are supposed to symbolize France's desire to expand its influence—"for France is not closed within any narrow nationalism," the Gaullist party patiently explains. In the center of the hexagon can be printed the candidates' slogans, such as "Peace, Independence, Progress" or "Security First of All." (The recent visit here by the Russian leader Aleksei Kosygin was coolly received by the French Communists, who thought he might have waited to visit until after the elections, since his obviously friendly relations with de Gaulle will surely cost the Communists a slice of what might have been automatic anti-de Gaulle votes.) Another of the election posters guarantees "Five Years of Stability, from 1967 to 1972," if the Fifth Republic Gaullists win. Yet another poster accents the Gaullists' governmental stability, inviting the electorate to choose between this regime, which has had only two governments in nine years, and the others, who set up and let fall twenty-two governments in thirteen years. With the warnings from Communist China about possibly lending a helping hand to the Vietcong, with the impassioned pleas for peace by the Pope, with the strict, non-indulgent attitude of the United Nations' severe Asian chief U Thant toward repeated escalation of the war, there is no question but that the most popular election appeal of the Gaullists will be, as usual, the brains of General de Gaulle himself, who more than a year ago freed France of her NATO military relations so she might not be pulled into any war not to her own liking. There can be no question, either, but that our Vietnam war is extremely unpopular with the French government and most of France's citizens. Little did most of us suspect in 1945 that in a bit more than two decades our Christmas wish would once again be for peace on earth, and our notion of a happy new year one that could foresee the end of our war. With these hopes deeply in mind, we wish to all *une bonne fête de Noël et une bonne année à venir.* —GENÉT

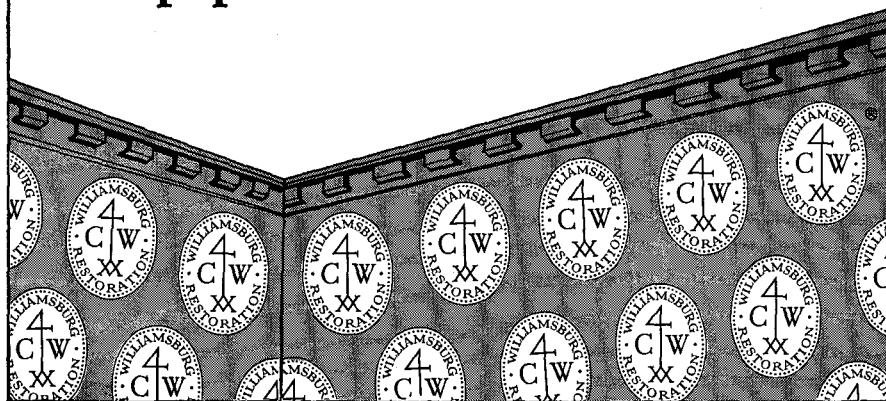
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BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TO THE PRECIPICE, by Judith Rossner (Morrow). The sad, matter-of-fact, very much alive story of a pretty young New York girl, Ruth Kosoff, who marries for money is understandable, because she has been very poor and very uncomfortable for all of her twenty-one years. Ruth loves her hard-working mother, but she also despises her and is irritated by her. And she loves her younger brother Martin, in spite of his passivity, and loves her father, although she knows that he is bullying Martin into despair. And she is violently in love with a fierce young man named David, but the affair they share is edgy, because Ruth is ambitious and impatient and uncertain, and David's view of her is not always kind, though perhaps sensible. When Ruth finally makes up her mind to marry a gentle, undemanding, enormously wealthy divorced man, eighteen years older than she is, a wall begins to rise around her—a wall of disappointment and pride that separates her as she is today from what she was when she was really herself. This is a kind, quick, vivid first novel, and its only fault is that there is just a little bit too much of it.

GENERAL

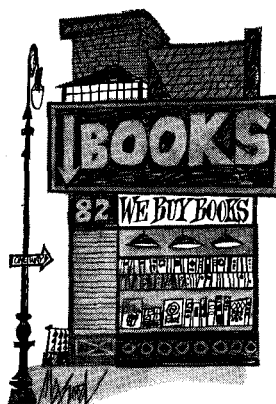
OTTO HAHN: A SCIENTIFIC AUTOBIOGRAPHY, translated from the German and edited by Willy Ley (Scribners). Otto Hahn is certainly one of the most distinguished of twentieth-century scientists. He all but founded nuclear chemistry—the study of radioactive isotopes and their chemical makeup—and it was Hahn who in 1938, along with Fritz Strassmann, performed the first experiments in nuclear fission, thus opening the nuclear age. One might have hoped, and expected, that his scientific autobiography would have been a treasure trove of insights into the evolution of modern science, and perhaps even some sort of guide to the future. It is, however, a disappointing and almost

haunted book. One reason may be that when it was written (four years ago) Professor Hahn was eighty-three. But a more important reason, surely, is that he was one of the few great German physicists (Heisenberg and von Weizsäcker were two others) who chose to remain in Germany during the whole of the Hitler period. There is no doubt but that Hahn could have left with ease in the early years; in fact, he was a visiting professor in the United States in 1933. But he chose to remain even when his colleague of thirty years, Lise Meitner, was forced out of Germany because of her Jewish background. At one point in his book, he

simply states that after 1933 all hope of resisting Hitler was lost. But how could he stay? He makes it clear that he was able to keep working even during the darkest days of the war, and most of the latter part of his book is taken up with descriptions of his research during this time. Since he was the first man to observe fission, one might also have hoped for a discussion of the social and political implications of the bomb, and of how the German scientists felt and feel about it. Instead, Professor Hahn writes—and this is typical—"As is well known, the pursuit of this line of research led to the atomic bomb, but since that research was not carried out at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, it does not belong in the framework of this book." In a publisher's postscript, one learns that Professor Hahn was "deeply distressed" by the atomic bomb. His autobiography, scientific or not, might have been the place to say so.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16—The official 1966 Christmas card of President and Mrs. Johnson is a water color of a winter evening scene at the North Portico of the White House. A stately American elm planted by Woodrow Wilson in 1913 is in the foreground. The card, the work of artist Robert H. Laessig of Cleveland, has this printed greeting: "Our Warmest Best Wishes for a Joyous Holiday Season and a Bright and Peaceful New York."—*Buffalo Evening News*.

Hear! Hear!

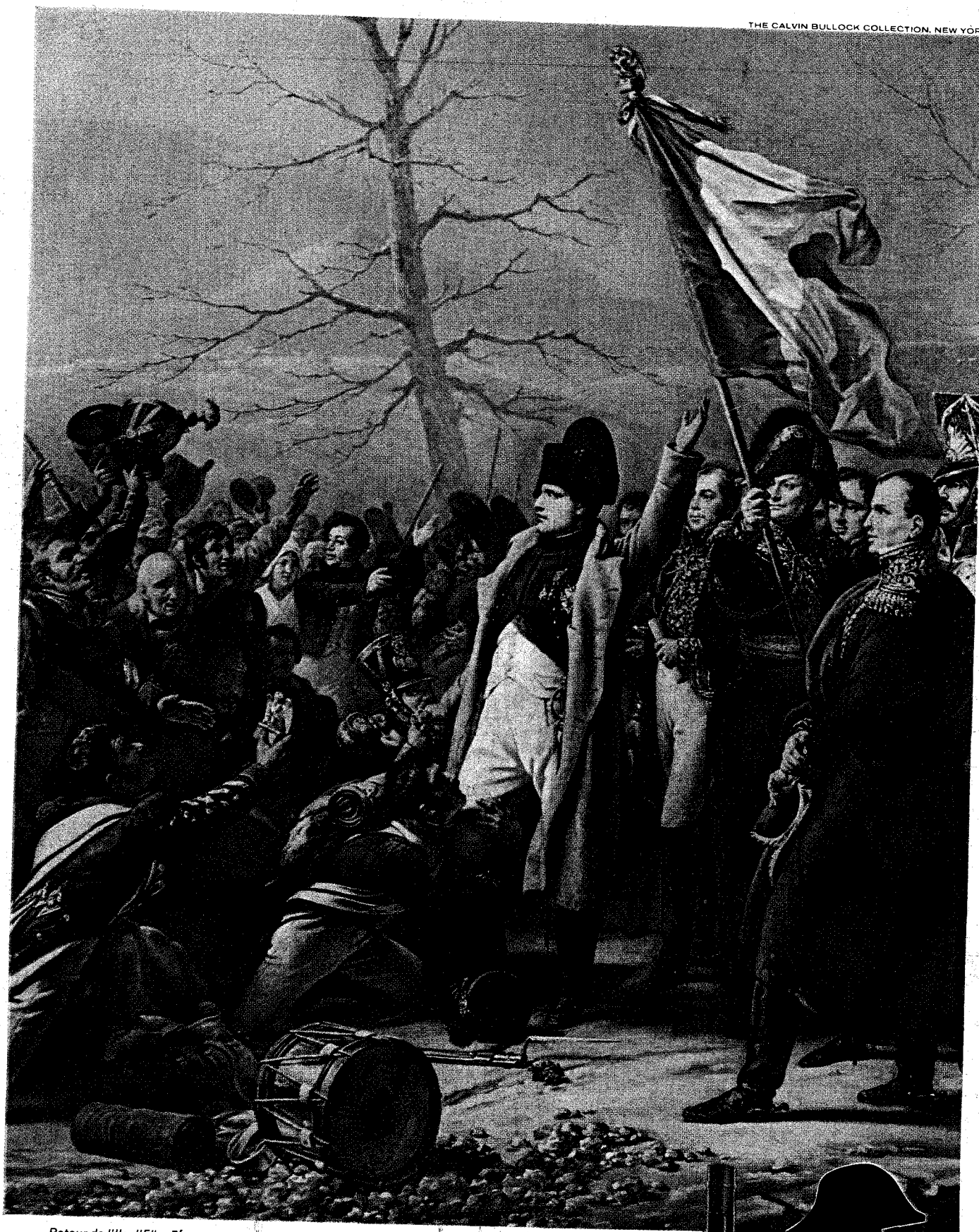




All prices are "about."

For cruising in sunny climes—a treasury of John Meyer niceties tailored with loving care. For sight-seeing, the little Boy Suit, carefully shaped \$30. "Go-withs:" poor boy sweater \$8. Dome hat \$7. For sudden storms, the trench coat, belted and buckled \$45. Sou'wester hat \$7. Its boon companions, belted fly-front skirt \$12. Blending crinkle shirt \$12. For coral beaches, flower-strewn swim suit \$26. Hat \$7. On deck, plaid skimmer and jacket \$40. Bermuda bag \$9. In warm Caribbean colorings. At discerning stores everywhere.





Retour de l'Île d'Elbe Février 1815. Detail from the painting by Karl Steuben (1788-1856). Napoleon sailed from Elba on February 26th and nine days later reached Grenoble, where a garrison of troops marched out to stop him. Napoleon stepped forward: "If there is one among you who wishes to kill his Emperor, here I am." A pause, then "Vive l'Empereur!" rose from a thousand throats as his former troops knelt at his feet.

COURVOISIER

COGNAC

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